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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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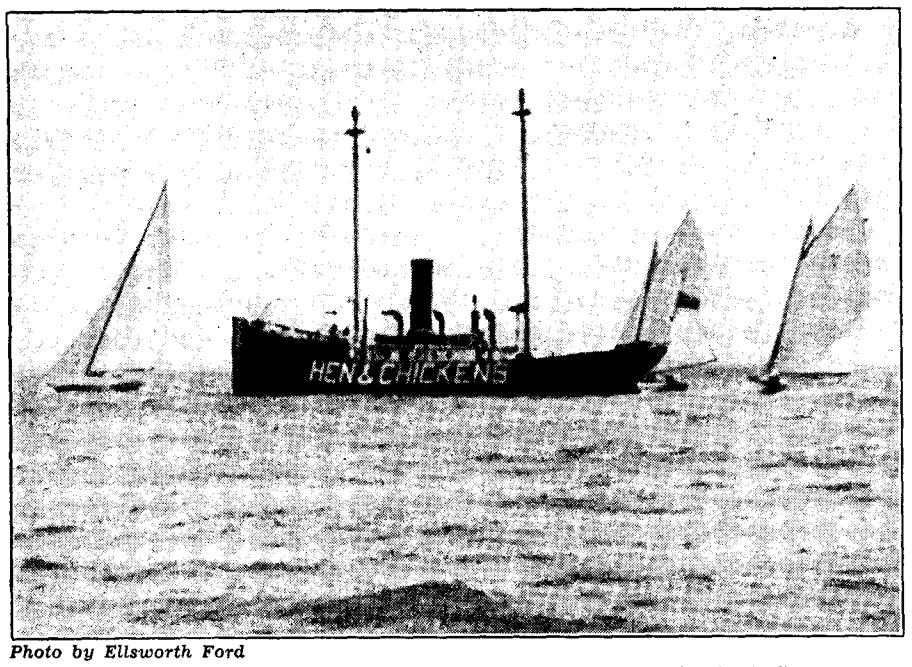

Photo by Ellsworth Ford

LIGHTSHIPS MAKE CONVENIENT MARKS FOR RACING YACHTS

Pitkin's Progress

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME: Marching Orders for the Lost Generation. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $2.

NEW CAREERS FOR YOUTH: Today's Job Outlook for Men and Women from Seventeen to Thirty-Two. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

YOUNG people of America, are you in trouble? Are your parents broke, your futures dark, and your loyalties going to pieces? Are you drawn, in your bitterness, to the need of building on the ruins of this society a new society in which you will have a place? Well then, boys and girls, step right up to the tent of Professor Pitkin, wizard psychologist and famed Wise Man of the East. Come one, come all, and hear America's prophet give you comfort and counsel. Don't crowd, there's room for everybody in the tent, buy your ticket and listen to the Universal Sage.

The first of Professor Pitkin's turns is a full-length book; it rises head and shoulders over his recent performances in "Life Begins at Forty" and "More Power to You." And it is no mere inspirational fight-talk like its predecessors. It is nothing less than a Plan for Youth. It starts off to say that the Old America is dead and that the youngsters have speedily got to take over the country. Ghosts of Lenin and Bakunin! It seems that Professor Pitkin has gone revolutionary, and that his act is downright subversive.

But not in the sense of European radicalism. Professor Pitkin says right at the start that "European civilization ended in August, 1914," when the "wretched" Germans started marching. The young people—he calls them the Lost Generation, apparently having misunderstood Gertrude Stein's remark at the head of "The Sun Also Rises"—the young people should "turn deaf ears to reformers who urge you to turn communist or socialist." So much for that.

What then? Well, we must have a youth platform. If 15,000,000 young people voted our way we could take over the country "automatically." What is the platform? Now that, at least to this reviewer, is not

(*Continued on page* 70)

Where the Lightship Swings to the Tide

LIGHTSHIP. By Archie Binns. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $2.50

Reviewed by DAVID W. BONE

I SUPPOSE the greatest thrill of a voyage that now remains for the seaman is that of landfall—of coming in on the coast from open sea and knowing, from sight of a standard landmark, that the sea course has been true. I can recall anxious days of fog and misty weather, days of groping westward across the Atlantic when neither sun nor star helped us to establish a definite position. Certainly the sea was wide and we could steer on "dead reckoning"—with the sounding lead at hand to tap sea bottom and give timely information that we were drawing near to the land. But there was always a doubt: a doubt that made even the most careful of navigators hark back to the root of his calculations to uncover that one little error that might place his ship in a position of danger. Then . . . out of the wall of fog . . . would come a faint signal that differed from all other voices on the deep—the precise and recurrent blast of a horn that we recognized as that of the lightship on her station. Even the most cocksure navigator could not but be thrilled by the signal that set all doubts at rest, and it was always with heartfelt relief that the course was set for a further landmark.

Often, when passing a lightship on my voyages, I have wondered what kind of sailormen man her, what their thoughts were as they swung in slow monotony to wind or tide out there, tied down on the mark, while always other ships passed and repassed on their lawful occasions.

"Lightship" tells me. In passionate sincerity Mr. Archie Binns writes of their life as he must have known it, must have lived it. Through the pensive eyes of young Ben, the fireman, I am given a compassionate view of sailor character and to me that view is strangely familiar; it brings up thought of the men who sailed with me in sailing ships and I am in a position to report that young Ben sees them truly and sets all down in as fine a book about the sea as I have ever read. The characters live and do their work under your eyes. The most part are broken men who have gone down to the sea as a last refuge. There is lame Harry, his tragic life only

(*Continued on page* 70)

What They Read in the 90's

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MEMORY always seeks some explanation of what was once only experience but has become a past. We ourselves are the end products of a life, and inevitably, and irresistibly, try to find some coherence in the experience that has shaped us. These phrases for me are not definitions so much as clues that seem to lead toward glimpses of understanding. The scattered picture puzzle by their aid fits together here and there—I do not pretend to complete it.

Nowhere do they seem more useful than in trying to recall and comprehend the powerful influence of the books we read in the eighties and nineties in the small city of Wilmington, Delaware, where I grew up. The culture of our community was narrow and not often deep. The best of it was in the domestic arts of home making and companionship. Culture in its more esthetic sense was as scarce as the holly trees that sometimes were found in our woods. Painting, sculpture, music, were alien or elementary, conversation was not a fine art, philosophy seldom transcended common sense. But we were not starved intellectually, for many of us were passionate readers. And there we were let alone within wide limits, and were extraordinarily confident in our taste.

I think that the library in our house was typical of its period, for I have encountered its titles and editions in many homes of the era, and in book sales from such houses, since. I can see it now, and name the books from memory as accurately as those on my own shelves.

At one end of the room called the library was a triple bookcase of walnut with scalloped trimmings of morocco leather below each shelf, intended to keep out the dust. There was a brick-red Prescott—"Peru," "Mexico," and the others that no one read; and a leather-backed Scott in small, clear type, with steel engravings of the languishing-in-moonlight variety. There were two volumes of Grant's "Memoirs," and two of Henry M. Stanley; a set of Macaulay's essays; a green Tennyson, and two or three "Lalla Rookhs"; Hawthorne in marbled boards; the "Little Classics" of Brinley Johnson (much read); Greene's "Short History of the English People"; the English poets in a series from Gray to Byron; Longfellow and Whittier; somebody's Shakespeare with notes; a grubby set of Dickens that came with a box of soap; Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; Kane's Arctic Explorations; "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; "Uncle Remus"; and on a lower shelf the heavy volumes of "Illustrated America" and "Illustrated Europe" for Sunday reading. Under all, like a foundation of brownstone, was the Encyclopedia Britannica in leather, the edition of 1875, the noblest issue of that great work.

At the other end of the room, beneath the bay windows, hidden by curtains and by chairs, were deep shelves where ephemeræ of the period were hoarded, yellow paper-backed novels, not so much hidden as withdrawn from the respectability of the room. There was "Love in Orange Blossoms," and Rider Haggard's "She," the only book I have ever been told not to read, and The Duchess and Ouida and Marie Corelli, and Anthony Hope, and mixed with them (if my memory is not at fault) some Howells and Mrs. Humphry Ward and the earliest Sherlock Holmes, and other books which are now better read than some of the would-be classics that stood on the morocco leather.

Upstairs in the nursery was the children's library, containing "The Browns" of Cincinnati, "The American Boy's Handbook," and "Toby Tyler," "Alice in Wonderland" of course, Howard Pyle, Frank Stockton, the bound *St. Nicholases*, and the Hentys, the Algers, the Optics, the Castlemans, and the Kirk Monroes, in series, with a dusty set of Rollo books inherited from a previous generation. On the other side were the girls' books: Mrs. Molesworth, The Katy Books, the Elsie Books; with certain volumes of a neuter variety—"Sparrow the Tramp," "Diddie Dumps, and Tot," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the "Five Little Peppers," and Kingsley's "Water Babies."

Finally, in my grandfather's room, a great case with a swinging glass door, seldom opened, in which were treasures of our Quaker past, George Fox in a folio, John Woolman, Sewel's "History of the People Called Quakers," cheek by cheek with a gentleman's library of the Federalist period: Addison, Steele, Gray, Goldsmith, Moore, Byron, Hume's "History" in gold and red, Chesterfield, with an incongruous salting of Americana: books about the Indian and buffalo, Elizabeth Montgomery's priceless history of Wilmington, and a yard of plushy annuals of the thirties and forties. The bottom shelf was all Bibles, of every age and shape, kept not for their bibliographical interest, or for religious uses, but because of the family births and deaths inscribed on the middle pages of each, between the Old and the New Testament.

I fancy that every well-found house in Wilmington had most of these books, barring the Quaker specialties. From all except the yellow backs an odor of respect-

This Week

FERNS AND OF THE CHASE
By CHARLOTTE WILDER
SWIFT OR THE EGOTIST
By M. M. ROSSI and J. M. HONE
Reviewed by Temple Scott
CAPE FAREWELL
By HARRY MARTINSSON
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl
DUSK AT THE GROVE
By SAMUEL ROGERS
Reviewed by Amy Loveman
CANDLES IN THE STORM
By ROBERT LITTELL
Reviewed by Robert B. Macdougall
GOING ABROAD
By ROSE MACAULAY
Reviewed by George Stevens
LOVE ON THE DOLE
By WALTER GREENWOOD
Reviewed by Elmer Davis
BRYANT PARK INTERLUDE
By GEORGE LIBAIRE

Next Week or Later

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MARY AUSTIN
By ELIZABETH SERGEANT

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able culture exhaled, and the yellow backs seem so respectable now when I run over the titles that I am forced to believe that the sense of culture received is purely subjective and dependent upon the reaction of the mind to opinion rather than upon the nature of the book read. We read avidly the paper backs whenever we had a chance, but never supposed that they were good for us. We read Thackeray when we began to feel a duty toward literature (and enjoyed him), and soaked in the medley of brief masterpieces of The Little Classics, especially the volumes called Mystery and Romance. But what we fell upon, read besottedly, thought about, and were moulded by, were the stories of Dickens richest in sentiment (not "Pickwick" but "David Copperfield") and most of all the novels of Walter Scott.

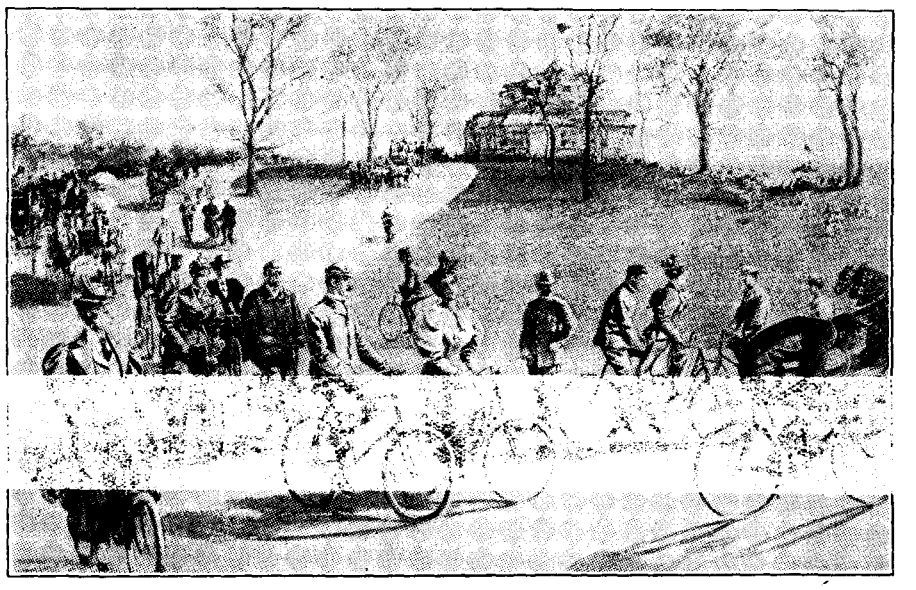
The omissions in this library were significant. No Hardy, though he was being printed in the magazines; no Whitman (naturally); no Mark Twain except "Innocents Abroad"—he was a cheap and flippant writer; only a little Poe; no Wordsworth, Keats, or Shelley, though quantities of Byron, Longfellow, and Tennyson; no Melville of course; no Carlyle, no Matthew Arnold; no French authors or German, no Latin and Greek classics even in translation; no Dante; no science except in the Encyclopedia Britannica and a children's encyclopedia which we read and reread from cover to cover; not much biography; no Emerson and Thoreau—it was not until my college days that I came under their pervasive influence in the original texts. Whittier, Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and Longfellow for poetry actually read; no religious books except the Bible—we had passed the age of theology. No contemporary poetry, criticism, drama at all.

Nevertheless we read rather widely, and so did our parents, since the public library, just beginning to be a major institution, supplemented our home supplies, and the school did a little guiding. But is wide reading ever so important as deep

engendered by the passionate reading of Scott in the South. I am sure that Scott and the near-Scotts and the school-of-Scotts were such real determinants of inner life for readers brought up in the eighties and nineties that no one will ever understand the America of that day without reading and pondering upon not only "Ivanhoe" but also "To Have and To Hold" and "Richard Carvel" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Under the Red Robe." No one studied "Ivanhoe" or "Guy Mannering" in school in those days. "Ivanhoe" came down from the upper left-hand shelf, in the grimy two-column edition that belonged to the children, and was read all over the house and under the trees of a dozen back yards. What Lamb felt for the Elizabethans we felt for the more homely, and equally verbose, Cooper. Reading "The Last of the Mohicans" in a savage hemlock forest, toward dusk in a northern summer, sent thrills through the bones which still faintly vibrate. And from these romances so alien to our bourgeois Quaker town we drew an ethics for ideal conduct in emotional stress.

We yearned, too, after heartiness, and found it in these romances. Yet it was a well-meaning heartiness that we were after,—an idea, romantic certainly, that we were to rush great heartedly upon experience, and be good for it as it would be good for us. This was the complete antithesis of the later revolt of our children against a moral code that restrained them. We wanted not to rebel but to lead, and we dramatized ourselves not as emancipated and cynical sophisticates but as Henty heroes, approving hands on our shoulders, and seen at the long last by our parents and our teachers as good and great men who had dared to live to the uttermost. We, like our period, were hot for expansion, with no more analysis than Scott's as to what the uttermost was in living or what expansion meant in its next stages. As for the moral formula, we wished to stretch it toward romance, not to change it.

Much of this somewhat scrambled emotion we would have had without reading, but sentiment, in our society, was distinctly literary. It was made from Dickens blended with Scott, but sufficiently undiscriminating so that a single book, like "Lorna Doone," could change a whole community of readers. It was not the sentiment of the *comédie larmoyante*, nor of hypocrisy; certainly neither of these for we were not weepers in our town and there was very little cant, even on Sundays. Our family life also was undemonstrative, and girls and boys were never sentimental in speech—indeed they were more direct and simple than today. Yet



WHEN THEY TIRED OF READING THEY TURNED TO BICYCLING
Reproduced from James Truslow Adams's "History of the United States" (Scribners)

underneath I believe we were all simmering with sentiment, especially the business men and the rakes. It was precisely the sentiment that one could take over from Dickens or from Scott, according to temperament.

The more obviously romantic results of our reading in Scott—chivalry, feudalism, adventurous conflict—seems at first thought to have frothed away from our childhood. We tilted with home-made spears, shot arrows from bows, and made serfs and squires of the younger kids, but these exercises stemmed from Howard Pyle's honest "Robin Hood" as much as from Scott. There was no servile class in our community, no great houses, no caste of owners as in the South of two generations earlier, where unquestionably Scott produced illusion and helped to lead to disaster. Our Quaker society was democratic, at least in spirit. Nobody wanted a feudal aristocracy, no matter how much he liked to read about one.

So it seemed, yet on second thought I come to a different conclusion. Scott and Cooper did not move us to reject the civilization of the moment, but they must have broken ground. All through the eighties and early nineties Gothic adornments clustered thicker and thicker on our red-brick houses, and every established family began then, and long before "Colonial" furniture came down from the attics, its long and often very expensive search for a genealogy, to find usually dubious ancestors of impeccable nobility in England, and to acquire at still more expense a still more dubious coat of arms. It was an irony not widely appreciated that the Quaker families (whose records were scrupulously kept from the seventeenth century) usually found an ancestor who called himself gentleman and bore arms (and whose affectations his Quaker son had wiped out in meekness), while the aristocrats from down state were still floundering in the abyss which separated England from America in the days of the settlement. My mother's note paper bore a *fess ermine* at the top, genuine enough, though my Quaker grandfather would have died before he would have used it, and genealogists being more plentiful than experts in heraldry, there was no one to tell her that females should use only an O.

This passed over our childish heads, though it seems to have been a first symptom in our parents of what some called snobbery, but was really the beginning of a new class spirit in America. The revelation came when the new American school of the historical romance rose over night, blossomed like the desert in April, and withered at the first touch of twentieth-century realism.

I shall not here recount its history. Who is there over forty-five who did not read "Janice Meredith," "A Gentleman of France," "Richard Carvel," "Monsieur Beaucaire"? It was very thin Scott, very dilute Dumas, and if the novelists had kept to France or Ruritania would have had no more importance than other outcrops of best sellers, even though this one was a landslide, millions of copies circulating among all classes except the proletariat (which is getting them now in the movies), so that each season it was certain that substantially every literate American had read one such book. The movies today are an equivalent, but they sweep through lower levels, and are not so influential upon culture because the cultured are ballasted with stronger appeals to the imagination.

It was not so then, and as soon as these novelists began to create a romantic Colonial America the intoxication began. It is hard to describe it. Suddenly we became aware of a past—our own—that seemed as good as Scott's, and much like it. It was an illusion, not a real past, and hence our furore was quite different from the intellectuals' excitement over frontier history today. Is illusion, however, ever less powerful for being essentially false? The romantic slaveholders, the scions of English nobility, the feudal gentlemen of these novels of an artificial Colonial period, when compared with their European originals in Scott or Dumas, show the handmarks of their creators who were plain Americans, usually from the Middle West. But we were not critical then, and how the heroes and heroines lived, what they did (I speak for the East) on roads still familiar and in houses still familiar to us, was explosive. No pack of poets was unleashed — Lindsays, Masterses, Benéts — such as followed the new national sense of twenty years later. We read this coca-cola of romanticism, and began merely to froth.

I am not exaggerating, I am minimizing the reverberations of this romantic sentimentalism. Yet the fopperies and snobberies (which nevertheless helped to restore good taste in our architecture and interior decoration) were only superficial symptoms. Something was happening to us and to our town even more significant. There was, for example, the chivalrous attitude (it was more than a pose) toward girls, which reached its height just about the turn of the century and was literary in its origin. The decorous familiarity of the eighties was too stiff for us, but just when some frankness was entering into our sex relationship, suddenly we were whirled up into a romantic atmosphere which can still be seen in articulate perfection by readers of Stevenson's "Prince Otto" and with more pink clouds of sunset in "Richard Carvel." We tried to see our girls as romantic beauties and ourselves as gentlemen who lived by honor. It did not last long. There had been too much free companionship, and too little mystery. The girls would not or could not play their parts, and we could write ours better than we could talk them. There was more sentiment and less sex in our associations than ever before or since, but not much authentic romance, still less that was articulate.

The more vital impacts of all this romantic-sentimental reading are not easy to explain. Although it raised our temperature perhaps one degree, yet one degree was enough for dizziness. The Spanish War, with its rather sordid imperialism, wrapped in guff about poor Cuba, the gallant onslaughts of the muckrakers upon the money-bags, the cult of Theodore

the moral romance of our entry into the Great War—how much all this owes to the shot of romance in our veins and the virus of sentiment cannot be said definitely, but much I am sure. Certainly in our town, where the past and the future seemed to become romantic together at that turn of the century, I cannot separate in my own memory the bands and cheering of '98, Hobson, Dewey, and Manifest Destiny in an expectant world, from the extravagant romanticism of the shallow, unphilosophical, unpsychological novels we had all been reading. One carried over into the other, and the same color was infused through both. We entered the twentieth century with the feverish exuberance of an unhealthy child, because children whose minds had been conditioned by Scott were in their adolescence fed cheap and sometimes poisonous confectionery by these tuppeny imitators of the great.

Shakespeare was badly read by us; he was a subject for elderly ladies who took on study circles of young girls with the intention of making them cultured. He was thoroughly feminized, and expurgated by careful selection. Thackeray was not well read; he was obligatory for those who thought well of their intellects, like Meredith two decades later. Jane Austen I never heard of, nor Howells either, al-

Ferns

By CHARLOTTE WILDER

"THEY straighten—dogged—to their height,
Undoubling from a wound
No one gave them. Long they grind
Foreheads on the ground,
Dark endeared to them by dread,
Doubting they can bear
Sun between their lids, and hands
A-flurry in the air."

One answered, whispering from the elms:
"They straighten to their height,
Unreluctant, born to be
Green resorts of light."

One sighed among the grasses: "So
We bid them go."

Of the Chase

By CHARLOTTE WILDER

HOW cold
the glimmerless dew
on her feet; to her thighs
the unfluting wind

can a goddess falter?
can Diana droop from her stride
is she bruised?

self-dealt
the inexorable shaft
of her search

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though there were novels of his on our shelves. The eighteenth century meant Gray and Goldsmith. Everyone had the poems of Byron and Moore, but nobody read them. The lake poets were a school subject; Wordsworth and Coleridge we were taught, but not Keats and Shelley. Trollope was unknown, Hawthorne was read only by children. Hugo and Marie Corelli were consorted together as cosmic writers with a philosophy (it would take an essay to explain why). Whittier was a great name because he was a Quaker, but Longfellow was our real poet. Thoreau was a name only. Indeed, Concord was too intellectual for us. We understood the simple mysticism of the Quakers, but not transcendentalism. In the seventies "Lalla Rookh" had been the favorite gift book: in my time it was the "Idylls of the King."

Has it been sufficiently implied that our reading was confident? Nothing critical came our way, especially in fiction. For us, "Robert Elsmere," which roused a faint storm in Episcopal circles, had no successors. Our reading was what so many today advocate as an antidote for cynical realism—positive, whole-hearted, largely unliterary and unintellectual. We took it as we took our meals, asking nothing about the cook, and less of the quality, if its taste was right. We got from it strong emotional surges, reacting to "Little Women," for example, precisely as the proletariat reacts to the movie today, and acquired habits of feeling (not, I should say, thinking) that became our stock reactions thereafter when any situation in life resembled what was familiar to us in books. It was these instinctive reactions which Bernard Shaw made to seem ridiculous. Science was not yet a subject for reading, religion, apart from the Bible, had ceased to be one. We had no reading list, few books assigned in school, no selection except our own from ill assorted shelves and word-of-mouth as to what was good to read in the public library. It was all laissez faire except that our parents urged us away from the yellow backs toward what they regarded as literature, which meant usually Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott. Discipline in reading, reading with a purpose as the cant phrase goes, was almost unknown.

Thus we pastured freely like mountain sheep, and since there were plenty of books took only what we liked, and since there were few new ones, got to love our favorites, which, running with the grain of life in our age, were hearty, wholesome, sentimental, romantic. And hence my reading memories are of absorption in a book, earless, eyeless, motionless for hours, a life between covers more real than outer experience, such an obsession in reading as I believe does not exist now; certainly I never see it. For our reading (ill chosen as it so often must have been) was neither drug nor irritant, neither a revelation nor a caustic. It was an extension without break or casualty of our own lives, and flowed back freely to become a part of our mentality. It did not emancipate (like the realism of the first decades of the next century), it did not even educate, but certainly it enlarged our narrow egoes, leaving us quite as naive, quite as unsophisticated, a little further away from any probable reality, but enriched, happy, confident in the perpetual possibility of likable experience for such people as we intended to be. And hence the paradox, that our community had more good readers and fewer well read individuals than I have ever encountered in later wanderings. For books to us were what the bard's chants were to the tribe—a recalling, an enriching, an extension of memory. When ideas came in fashion, and realism and satire and debunking, the town (a few highbrows excepted) stopped reading real books and took to detective stories, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the pulp magazines. They knew what they wanted.

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This essay is to form part of a chapter in Mr. Canby's forthcoming book, to be called "The Age of Confidence."

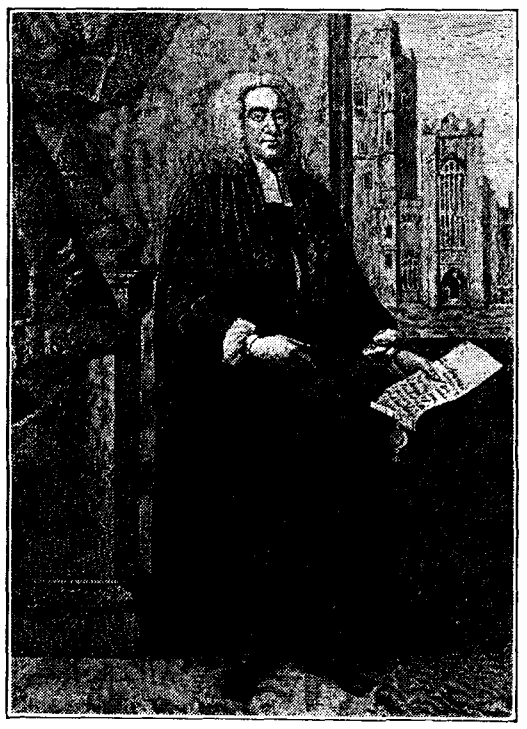
Though the actual manuscript of Dickens's "Life of Our Lord" passed under a bequest of "private papers" to Georgina Hogarth, his sister-in-law, the copyright of the work remains with his executors.

The Man Swift

SWIFT OR THE EGOTIST. By Mario M. Rossi and Joseph M. Hone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

THIS is a remarkable book of research into the character of a remarkable man. Confessedly a biography of Swift it is not a biography after the conventional form. It is not the story of the man's life. It is an investigation into his character. It disregards the chronology of the events and relations with which Swift was accidentally concerned but deals with his relations to those events for the purpose of realizing the man he was. The authors make no distinction between an egoist and an egotist. For them an egotist means first and foremost a man with a "psychological incapacity of seeing anything from a point of view radically different from that of one's self. The egotist," they posit,



DEAN SWIFT

> is a man in his hide who cannot go outside of himself. He cannot see the world from an unimpassioned angle, he is always at the center of the stage, and all the lines of force which go through the world come to their focal point in himself. . . . At bottom he is not against mankind, he is for himself, not so much because he thinks of himself first and foremost, but because he cannot really see other interests, or other points of view.

It is from this assumption that the authors really psycho-analyze Swift, not after the Freudian method but rather after the manner of Adler. They get their data for this analysis from the writings of Swift—his books, poems, and correspondence. With this material they present us with the realization of him, of his deep reality throughout the various occurrences of his life. They are little concerned with Swift as a man of letters because they do not consider him to be a literary artist. Everything that he wrote, even "Gulliver," was the outcome of his personal reactions to men and events. He never wrote from an impersonal devotion to an idea. If he wrote as a party politician it was in defense of individuals, not of political principles. If he satirized it was because of his hatred of people, and always he identified his attacks upon others as a defense of himself.

Biography, to these authors, is not a simple research such as is needed for history, it is "a knowledge which presupposes an insight into the deeper reality of personality, and culminates in a statement of universal significance endowed with rational necessity." It is this conception of a biography of Swift which they strive to illustrate as a working possibility in their book. Their approach, they add, is direct "through the simple force of truth to the moral conscience itself." With this hypothesis for the preliminary sketch of their portrait, the authors set to work to fill in the colors for their finished picture. They obtain their pigments from Swift's writings—a "Tale of a Tub"; the political pamphlets in defense of the Harley Administration; the "Journal to Stella"; the Drapier's Letters; the "Modest Proposal"; "Gulliver's Travels." As each color is squeezed on to their palette and then laid on their canvas, the egotist stands out more and more vividly until by the time the portrait is completed the conjured spirit is revealed in all the nakedness of his elemental nature. We see a man doomed— not to madness, but to loneliness, aphasia, and senility. The man who "was born nowhere" finds no home anywhere except, perhaps, in the country discovered by "his spiritual brother," Gulliver, that far away country where, according to these authors, "Swift could find his very truth staring him bitterly in the face." In the end he is alone with his truth awaiting death, "terribly naked."

"It is perhaps mysticism," conclude the authors,

> but we cannot help thinking that the egotist was attaining in this way to his ultimate fulfilment. Had he been mad, he would not have *been*. He would have gone completely out of humanity. Whereas he remained a man—alone. Terribly alone. Closed up in his hard rock; closed up in himself. He had cut out the world, but, as he could no longer dominate the world, he was himself cut out of it, to inhabit a void. It was a sort of hard lesson on the need to live up to mankind in order to remain one of its members. On the threshold of the chamber of the decaying solitary stands the old curse: *Vae soli.*

I confess that the reading of this strange biography has impressed me, in spite of the fact that the style of its writing has tried my patience almost to the breaking point, more with the authors' intellectual ingenuity than with their spiritual insight.

The Swift of this book is a Swift of a theory of an abnormal human nature, which cannot be accepted without many reservations, and the reader will feel himself bristling with notes of exclamation and interrogation at every page. Nevertheless, he will also find himself paying homage to the close study of the subject and the intellectual labor which the authors have brought to bear on its exposition.

Causeries in Miniature

THE SECOND HOUSE FROM THE CORNER. By Max Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $2.50.

THE casual essay has fallen into a sad neglect since Samuel Crothers died and Simeon Strunsky ceased to write it, and since the world—alas and alack—became so confused and troubled a place as to put arm chair philosophy out of fashion. It is good to see it reappearing in this book of Mr. Miller's, a collection of brief sketches strung together on the pliant chain of his fancy and bound into a whole by the ruminative quality of his mind. They are the merest snippets in length—anything serves Mr. Miller as excuse for reflection, a conversation with a passerby, the mailman approaching on his rounds, the summer visitor descending on the beach, an attic, the funeral of a neighbor. He has the journalist's appreciation for the picturesque or the unusual, the essayist's sympathetic interest in the commonplaces and trivialities of existence, and a ready responsiveness to all sorts and conditions of men. His vignettes are for the most part conversation pieces with the philosophizing implicit in them rather than expressed. Their style is of the simplest, yet it is not only forthright but graceful. Mr. Miller's writing is the art which conceals art and all the more pleasing for that. To an engaging manner he adds a humanity that is friendly and warming. He has become the married man and the householder in this book, but he remains the same excellent reporter, the same compassionate lover of humankind, the same pungent and wise commentator who lent distinction to "The Beginning of a Mortal" and "I Cover the Waterfront." He is a writer to watch and cherish.

Michael Bulgakov, one of the leading Soviet playwrights, has written a play on Molière. Bulgakov's plays were banned at the beginning of the Five Year Plan.

Through the Fiddley Gratings

CAPE FAREWELL. By Harry Martinsson. Translated from the Swedish by Naomi Walford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $2.50

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE writer of this extraordinarily fresh and interesting book is a Swede, about thirty, looking back to days at sea which he began as a cabin-boy just after the close of the world war. Martinsson was the son of a sea-captain and he followed the sea for half a dozen years or so, most of the time as a stoker. He shovelled his way to Brazil and "B.A.," to English coast towns with cargoes of iron ore, to America, and to India. And the things he saw and felt—in the stoke-hold, on deck for a bit of air when off duty, on shore-leave with the other forecastle hands—are set down here, as they were seen and felt at the time, by a youngster who could do his trick with the rest and yet already must have been something of a poet.

Countless travellers have peered down through the fiddley gratings—those steel trellised floors, through which you can look down into the boiler-room. The up-looking view is not so common.

> On cold night-watches the deck-hands, with their forty shillings a month and their thin clothes, creep in on to the fiddley, and those below can hear the stamping of their thick shoes or boots on the frail-looking steel bars which give forth a noise of clinking spurs. If they look up they see the soles of a pair of shoes wandering to and fro on the grating. These are all that appear; the rest of the figure remains in darkness. The illumined soles of shoes move about up there watch after watch. Habit and observation soon enable one to recognize a voice by the clearing of a throat or a cough. One may want to know who is up there, not that one is afraid of the skipper, or that one wants to send up an extra and obsequious wave of warmth for him, but rather that one knows a trick or two with the slice down here and can rake the fires rea[illegible] or fire right-handed, left [illegible] backwards; and one does [illegible] times to demonstrate wh[illegible] phenomenal fireman one [illegible], what an artist, what a knight of the shovel—and don't you forget it! Here are miles gratis. See this shovel? It's a lengthened hand—a long-distance hand with which I paddle myself through life's space to grasp the breast of a negress in Sierra Leone, or a mango in Goa.

This bit will serve, perhaps, to suggest, the flavor of Martinsson's record—his worker's pride, his continuing sympathy for the under-dog—whether the latter be his fellow coal-tossers or the child-dancers who amuse them in some Indian port or the wretched little coolie children sent down in Eastern Asiatic ports to hack and scrape out-of-the way corners in the boilers—and a sense of romance in which are mingled touches of Kipling, Whitman, and his own Norse mysticism and love of

HARRY MARTINSSON

the sea and of far places. His stuff, always lively, warmed at times with deep, understanding sympathy, reads as if it just happened yesterday, and had been set down on the spot.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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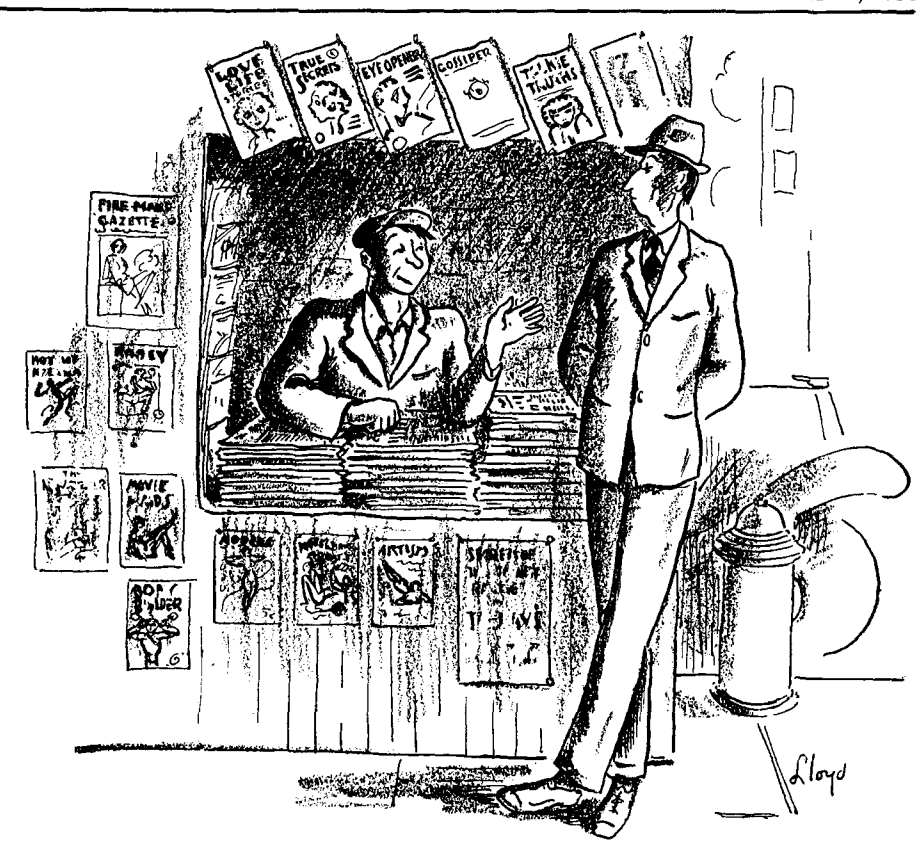
Not as in the Old Days

The nineties, of which Mr. Canby writes on another page, were halcyon days for the home. Automobiles were still objects of interest rather than of general use; electric street lights were only beginning to be generally installed; there were no radios, no movies; roads were poor—everything conduced to render amusement in the home rather than out of it the habit of the people. The living-room table, with the drop light upon it and the Welsbach light above, with the family clustered about it, each intent upon his work, held young and old together when there was no party to divert or guest to drop in. Every family with any pretensions to culture had a library that was in use and plenty of space to keep adding to it. Properly married young couples started life with whole sets of the still hallowed Victorians, not only Dickens and Thackeray, but Bulwer Lytton and George Eliot as well. When homes were houses, books in profusion were an asset instead of a nuisance. Nowadays young couples, and their elders, too, sigh even when the latest volume sent out by a book club arrives, wondering where it can find shelf space. They prefer to get their new novels from a circulating library to having them cluttering up the table, or to borrow them from a friend who may be relieved of the necessity of giving them room in his own home by relending them to some one who fails to return them.

In the nineties books were not only read but reread, not so much, of course, as in an earlier day when books were fewer and harder to come by, but more than today, and partly because they were in the bookcase, ready to hand. A work that took a year or more to compose was not supposed to have yielded all it held at the first reading. And the delectable passages, those that were particularly striking, or most eloquently written, or most freighted with thought were gone back to for refreshment and passed into the very essence of the reader's thinking.

Something certainly has faded out of reading with the multiplicity of books and the hurry of modern civilization. That intense delight in the thing come by with difficulty, the brooding over every page, the returning to it again and again as to a cherished companion in whose conversation is stimulus and exhilaration, the unconscious absorption from the written page of style and cadence, these disappear when one book is gulped down to be followed instantly by another and none is given time for careful pondering. All our training today, all the conditions of our living, are toward the rapid dispatching of books. We are taught that fast reading is a virtue—as indeed it is a practical necessity—, we are fed new volumes so fast that if we would keep pace with the changing fashions in fiction or changing events in the world we must hurry through one batch or fall hopelessly behind our associates in reading the next. As a result very often our minds are a jumble of impressions, our recollections of what we have read uncertain and confused.

It is inevitable, we suppose, that in a world constituted as is the present, reading, quite regardless of mere changes in home life and of the constant acceleration of the pace of business and social intercourse, should take on new aspects. It is no longer possible, as in Jane Austen's day, to have a war waging among great nations without its impinging on the consciousness of those remote from the battle lines. Every shot fired now is heard round the world. What with the newspaper, the cable, and the radio life has become so exciting and suspense so great, the necessity of getting a background for the events of the day so imperative, that what reading is not done in the daily journals and the magazines, naturally becomes more and more along the lines of the news or is an antidote to it. More reading of works on economics, on politics, on history, is being done perhaps than ever before. Yet fewer of the works on those subjects probably are being preserved than in the past. Partly it is the fault of the books themselves; partly it is an outcome of the times. And just what it bodes for the future we don't know. But we think architects could add to the sum of human happiness if they made lavish provision for bookshelves in homes. Human nature is so incurably lazy that unless it has the material for entertainment or instruction at hand it will often go without.



"WELL, TO *ME* LITARCHUR IS JUST BREAD'N' BUTTER."

Letters to the Editor: *Mr. Wilson and Mr. Nevins Cross Swords*

Rewriting Rewritten History

SIR:—Mr. Allan Nevins, in your issue of June 23, page 770, denounces rather feverishly the biography "Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark."

The body of his denunciation opens:

> Mr. Wilson's boldness demands admiration. Any other author who set out to contradict all previous authorities in his field would proffer a few footnotes to substantiate his statements; but he disdains mere documentation.

This saying is doubly misleading; (a) the author does not set out to contradict all previous authorities in his field; (b) the book contains documentation and footnotes, as any reviewer may observe from turning ever so lightly through its pages.

Mr. Nevins proceeds to list several variously debatable viewpoints of "other authors." Though he bemoans the alleged absence of documentation in the book, he conveniently neglects to tell us who the other authors might be, where and when they said such-and-such and why he would accept the alleged sayings.

In several instances Mr. Nevins misstates the substance of the book. For example, the text does not place Meriwether Lewis, at the time of his hearing of Jefferson's election, "at a fort away over on the Mississippi" as the reviewer states. The text does not state, or deliberately intimate, that Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr, was not "genuinely attached to her husband."

The reviewer blandly recites:

> The most thorough study of the Lewis and Clark Expedition yet made is of course, the large two-volume work on "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," published by Olin D. Wheeler in 1904.

This seems to be a very ridiculous statement, in view of the fact that the more standardly accepted work is the eight-volume compilation, "Original Journals of Lewis and Clark" (Dodd, Mead, 1904-05), by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites. Incidentally, I believe that careful study of Wheeler's writings will reveal to the reviewer that Mr. Olin D. Wheeler held the same view of the matter.

The reviewer adds:

> It is unfortunate that Mr. Wilson, as the evidence of both his text and his bibliography shows (we are previously informed that the book is wholly lacking in documentation), was deprived of the assistance of this book, as well as the researches of such men as Dr. Eliot Coues.

The preface of the biography contains specific reference to the works of Drs. Coues and Thwaites, and perhaps it is again unfortunate that the reviewer fails to read the book he would review.

Having denounced the writer's alleged mistakes in dates, Mr. Nevins informs his public that Meriwether Lewis met his death in 1807. It so happens that Meriwether Lewis died in 1809 and not in 1807.

According to the reviewer:

> He (Meriwether Lewis) had no motive for suicide, his Spanish companion was a highly suspicious character, his money was taken, and his watch was later recovered in New Orleans.

Every clause of this sentence represents a painfully unproven hypothesis. Certainly the great weight of documented evidence tells that Lewis had motive for suicide. "But Mr. Wilson revives the old theory of suicide."

This line of the review, without virtue of quotation marks, seems to have been lifted from *Books* (*New York Herald Tribune*) of May 6, 1934, where the same book is reviewed by Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner. By a strange coincidence, the substance of Mr. Nevins's closing thrust "Perhaps it *was* suicide, perhaps Meriwether Lewis had a premonition of this biography" is likewise from the earlier review. In such a case as this, use of a footnote would apparently be in keeping with Mr. Nevins's moral.

However, the biography in question merely presents what seems to be the most solvent evidence in support of both views (suicide—murder), cites source and authority for such evidence, and suggests that the evidence in support of suicide is the more convincing. The biography avoids positive statement as to which actually accounted for its hero's death. Again it seems to me that the reviewer has either sacrificed accuracy for purposes of denouncement or that he has failed to read the text.

In an earlier reference Mr. Nevins asserts:

> And yet the publisher, as well as one or two unwary critics, have apparently regarded it as authentic biography.

The only way this statement can be reconciled with press material at hand is by inference that from better than a hundred reviewers and historians, only one or two are critics, and, alas, unwary critics. Reviews by Mr. Nevins and Miss Skinner, to the best of my knowledge, stand alone in fever of denunciation.

Finally, I respectfully forward the opinion that in a space of some eight hundred words, more or less, devoted to review, Mr. Nevins commits approximately twelve misstatements, *i.e.*, of book contents, errors of date, statements of hypotheses as reality. If my arithmetic is anyways near waterproof, such a ratio of error to copy, if applied to the biography in question, would endow the latter with at least twelve hundred mistakes. I don't believe it has quite that many.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON.

Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Mr. Nevins Replies

SIR:—Mr. Wilson tries to bring a whole school of red herring into the picture. The central issue is of the reliability or unreliability of his book, and every chapter of it is utterly unreliable. I disclaim any heat in my review, though I confess that it is difficult to handle such a volume without sarcasm. I repeat that it is undocumented, for it makes the most extraordinary misstatements without the slightest attempt to cite authority—from the misstatement of the name of Meriwether Lewis's mother at the beginning to the invention of the dog Brewster (there was no such animal) near the end. If Mr. Wilson used the works of Wheeler and Coues, then not only his bibliography but his text fails to show the fact. A simple reference to the very careful sketch of Meriwether Lewis in the "Dictionary of American Biography," by Miss Louise P. Kellogg, would have set him right on a dozen points of cardinal importance. I have not seen Miss Skinner's review, but I can well believe that she agrees with me in her estimate of the book. So does the most careful living student of the Lewis and Clark expedition, Mr. W. J. Ghent. He has just written of the book in the Washington *Post:*

> Most of its details happen to be absurdly wrong. Parts of it seem to be based on Emerson Hough's preposterous novel, "The Magnificent Adventure," and other parts are mere guesswork. A student of the Lewis and Clark expedition will read the book with amazement. The author has not taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the basic facts of that immortal journey. His geography is a kind of "Alice in Wonderland" region; he has no knowledge, except in spots, of the region traversed; and he confuses the members of the expedition in a manner made familiar to us by Mr. H. I. Phillips's famous "Garble Sisters."

He adds that the inaccuracy of the book is "shocking." The first duty of the review of such a volume is to warn the public.

New York City. ALLAN NEVINS.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

GOING ABROAD. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Harpers.* A witty satire on the traveling Briton.

THE SECOND HOUSE FROM THE CORNER. By MAX MILLER. *Dutton.* Slight but charming chips from experience.

CAPE FAREWELL. By HARRY MARTINSSON. *Putnam.* Things seen and felt by a stoker.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GRASS ROOF. By YOUNGHILL KANG. The autobiography of a young Korean.

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Rhode Island Scene

DUSK AT THE GROVE. By Samuel Rogers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THERE is a simplicity and straightforwardness to Mr. Rogers's tale of family life which is most deceptive. The story tells itself so effortlessly, its dialogue is so natural, its incidents so unassuming and commonplace that it is only on reflection that one realizes how skilful a craftsman Mr. Rogers is. This is the stuff on which the memories of all of us who have enjoyed fortunate youth, loved mountain or seaside resorts with an affection that turned our yearning hearts toward them in winter and made a return each summer a thing of excitement and joy, rest. These days in the open, this close communion of childhood and deeper friendship of later youth, this banter between brothers and sister, the quiet pride and enjoyment of parents in the pastimes of their children or reticent anxiety over their sorrows or troubles, these are the very warp and woof of normal living. Mr. Rogers catches a mood in his opening pages and maintains it consistently to the end—maintains it through the succession of episodes, beginning in June 1909, continuing through June 1919, December 1928, and July 1929, and ending in September 1931, which constitute his book.

His curtain rises on the Waring family on board the train on its annual hegira to the cherished summer home on the Rhode Island coast. We relived our own youth as we read, the ecstasy of anticipation as familiar landmarks sped past the train, the joys of sitting in the diner, the passages at arms with one's associates, to be forgotten at once in the bliss of nearing the longed-for goal. Surely Mr. Rogers must live close to his own youth to have so faithfully recreated the feelings of that time. But his maturer mind has room, too, for understanding of parenthood, for an insight into the emotions of a mother, released from the last moment rush of preparation, weary and a little ill, but drawing already in imagination the quiet and relaxation from the Grove which had been hers since she as a child had roamed through it with her own father. Dicky, and Brad, and Linda, the Waring three, Thornton, their friend, whom Linda comes to love, and almost renounce, and marry at last only to leave after some years for Joel whose devotion to the family has always been taken for granted, these with the parents and the unhappy girl whom Dicky marries and comes to discover is a neurasthenic of the most unfortunate kind, constitute the entire personnel of the book. It is their childhood joys, their later doubts and hopes and entangled relationships which Mr. Rogers so quietly recounts, sketching in a vivid picture of daily living at the Grove.

But excellent as Mr. Rogers's portrayal of the externals of life and living is, his book would not carry the weight it does on the strength of that alone. It is the psychological accompaniment to the actions of his characters that lends depth to his tale. He has a trick of slipping into their minds at the slightest notice, of letting them muse aloud, which develops them in the round, so that they are persons complete in their inner and outward reactions both. And there is real progression in his chronicle, not merely the external change which years bring, but a growth in character consonant with the change in time. Events flow naturally from the necessities of character, so that when Linda suddenly yields to Joel's affection, or poor Dicky ends his life when he finds it has run into a cul-de-sac, there seems no question of the rightness of the action.

"Dusk at the Grove" is an excellent book, but curiously enough it is not what we should call a distinguished one. That something that lies between the two, the something that can admit the restraint of Mr. Rogers's portrayal of emotion and yet produce an effect of white heat, is missing. Mr. Rogers's novel has dignity, sincerity, verisimilitude; it convinces and it moves, but it never profoundly stirs. Yet there are few books of recent years by which an award has been better deserved, it seems to us, than is the Atlantic $10,000 Prize by "Dusk at the Grove."

SAMUEL ROGERS

Summer Colony

CANDLES IN THE STORM. By Robert Littell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

IT is no surprise that Mr. Littell can write so well. The old days of the *New York World* were evidence of his adroitness. But this wise and entertaining novel is worthy of an old hand at the business of novel writing; it is astonishingly good for a beginner. There is a substantial amount of the "Grand Hotel" technique here, soundly used. Where Vicki Baum held her people together by the unifying influence of the hotel, Mr. Littell uses a summer colony of artists and gives his characters existence only insofar as they are of and in the colony. As further means of unification there is the bit of New England (probably south central New Hampshire) that surrounds the village of Bridgewater. This setting is essential to the temper of the story; Mr. Littell's sympathetic interpretation of New England climate, hills, and temperament is the last inescapable bond between his characters. The three forces work together, each necessary to the other—the people, the colony, the place—and together they build up the stature of the novel, giving it technical and emotional force.

Mr. Littell creates characters with whom we have continuous sympathy. Woodruff, the writer, is perhaps his favorite, the nearest to being his mouthpiece. But they are all possessed of some quality that is, if not admirable, at least pitiable and hence disarming. Even the trouble-making widow who has rented the expensive house on the hill, or the grotesque poet who spends most of his time cadging household articles from his more prosperous neighbors and who ends up by getting himself endowed—even in these two Mr. Littell senses the struggle against the world and against themselves that makes them somehow worth reading about and worth our sympathy.

There are a dozen points about "Candles in the Storm" that cry out for discussion. It is a full novel, crammed with interest. Mr. Littell writes with awareness and proper sensibility; he is able to make his people and places seem very definitely of this world. The appeal is never to the dull or to the uncomprehending. Some readers, probably, will miss the continuity that comes from one or two central characters and a closely plotted narrative, but it must be remembered that Mr. Littell was not writing that sort of a novel. What he did intend to do was to portray a tight little company of articulate and individualized characters, in a particular locality, under the stresses of not very far from ordinary living. He has accomplished his purpose with noticeable distinction.

Comedy of Charlatans

GOING ABROAD. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

CERTAINLY as long as the English people continue to travel, they will provide their novelists with material for satire. The Briton in migration, preferably to the Mediterranean, seems to be a type with definite characteristics and habits, from which few deviations have, in the past, been observable. E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, and Norman Douglas are among those who derived their early reputation from the study of the species; and this novel is not Rose Macaulay's first approach to the subject. And if, instead of taking her characters and her microscope to the Italian Riviera, she has gone to the Spanish Basque country, this is all to the good. For she has discovered a new subspecies of the traveling Briton, with interesting peculiarities.

Some of her people, to be sure, are fairly familiar. The colonial bishop on holiday, absorbed in the work of relating native customs to early Christian heresies; his wife, a student of archeology, engaged in the singular effort of trying to locate the Garden of Eden; the maiden at a loose end, her liberal, uncomprehending parents, and her stuffy, uncomprehending

Jacket Design for "Going Abroad."

brother—these we feel we have met before. (Not that it isn't a delight to renew the acquaintance, when they are in Miss Macaulay's hands. Many readers, including this reviewer, would enjoy even more of this sort of thing than we get.) Miss Macaulay, however, makes two important original contributions: a pair of beauty specialists on their vacation, and an Oxford Group team, out to convert the Basques as well as any incidental wayfarers they come across. Thus the innocent holiday-makers are obliged to resist efforts to improve both their bodies and their souls.

With such ingredients, "Going Abroad" quickly develops an ingenious plot and a fresh flavor of amusement. Those of us who are acquainted only incidentally, and at second hand, with such phenomena as beauticians and Oxford Groupers, follow these extraordinary people with our mouths open. We are as bewildered as Colonel and Mrs. Bentley when their daughter Hero, after a brief association with the young Buchmanites, gets Changed, and spends hours writing to her friends and family, recalling all the disagreeable things she ever said or thought about them. We share the satisfaction of the beauty experts' victim when this couple, Monsieur and Madame Josef, is kidnapped by their Basque relatives under highly ludicrous circumstances. The kidnapping involves all the members of the party, who are obliged to serve as a jury to settle the differences of the Josefs and their relations. And the Oxford Group makes the most of the opportunities offered by the concentration camp.

Miss Macaulay's dedication announces the intention of writing an entirely frivolous novel. She has brought it off to perfection, except that there is considerably more than frivolity involved in her satiric treatment of the characters and their various causes. It is a comedy of charlatanry, in which no choice is offered between the self-deluded charlatans of the evangelical brotherhood and the beauty experts who practise with their eyes open. The author balances them skilfully, and at the end leaves them all suspended in midair. It's a neat conclusion, and adds the final touch to a story which Rose Macaulay's wit, always at its best, makes thoroughly delightful.

Sketches of Russia

GRAMMAR OF LOVE. By Ivan Bunin. New York: Smith & Haas. 1934. $2.

IN all these stories of Bunin's (now a man in his sixties, a Nobel Prize winner, but a Russian poet of distiction years before the Revolution) one feels at once the touch of the self-confident artist, a certain bravura common to those accustomed to imposing their own idiomatic flavor on the facts in hand, whatever the latter may be. This dash and style becomes, in such cases, an end rather than a means; it, almost as much as the stuff in hand, becomes the "thing itself." Just as people say, "Ah, a Repin!", "A Sargent!", even though it be only a hasty, unfinished sketch.

Plot is of least importance in all these ten stories, although one or two are neatly turned enough. The significant thing is mood, and above all, the "feel" of Russia. You cross the frontier, let us say, and all at once—whoever is on top in Moscow—know you are in Russia. White birches drawing their wistful white lines against a black belt of pines; rooks cawing under a low, wide, gray sky; a muddy, unmade road winding across a brown plain with a yoked peasant's cart jogging lonely in the distance; the long white winter somehow whispering behind the summer sun—whatever the details, anyhow here you are in the presence of something different from anything we know in the West; something vast and sprawling yet homely and intimate; in our time yet out of it, like an antique print come to life; a world crude and cruel, dreamy and kind, which disengages a sort of perpetual nostalgia.

It is this essential Russia, its colors, sounds, smells, moods (in only one of the stories is the Revolution touched on even by implication) with which Bunin's tales are packed. The slightly pretty connotations of the book's title are misleading. Love of some sort or other does play a part in most of the stories, not all, but the two longest, "A Simple Peasant" and "On the Great Road," are studies of the turgid, dark, almost animal-like desire of quite inarticulate peasants. Both these latter tales, as we understood it, were written shortly before the war. Some of the other stories are brief, piquant. All have that style, dash, and authority, of the artist who has confidence in his own moods and in his ability to express them.

Richard Sunne, writing in the English *Time and Tide* of Shelley says: "The extreme variety of Shelley's friends, united only by their agreement in admiration, is one of the most striking of tributes to his character. Young poets attract others like them; but surely no young genius ever had such diverse friends as had Shelley. Byron, Trelawney, Williams, Hogg, Leigh Hunt, Godwin, Peacock—how little these men had in common except their love for Shelley! One of them at least—of Williams's character we know too little to be dogmatic about his possible reputation—would not exist at all for posterity were it not that he could call himself Shelley's friend. It is hard to make him our friend. From the first moment . . . Hogg and Shelley were yoked in a strange community of interests."

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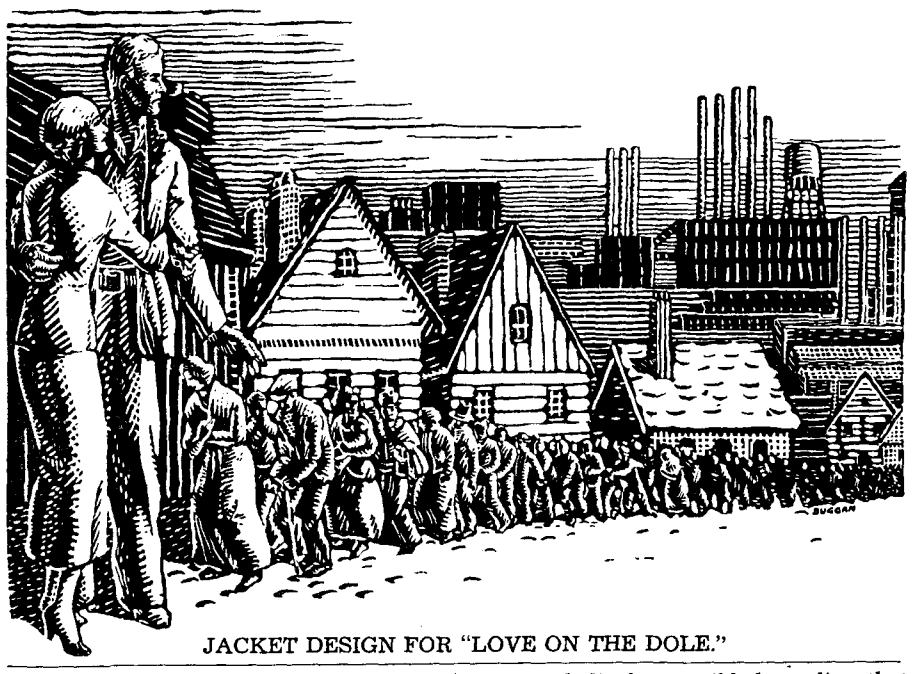
Human Decency Dies on the Dole

LOVE ON THE DOLE. By Walter Greenwood. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

IF a proletarian novel be defined as one written by a proletarian about the proletariat, rather than one conforming to certain dogmas (of bourgeois origin) about the proletariat, then "Love on the Dole" is one of the best and most moving proletarian novels of our time. Mr. Greenwood is described by his publishers as "an English workman when he can find work"; he has been on the dole and knows how it feels, and he can make you feel it, too. American readers may find the Lancashire dialect a considerable obstacle, but it will be worth your trouble



JACKET DESIGN FOR "LOVE ON THE DOLE."

to work your way through it. For this is a story of the workshop of the world sixty years after; when the industrial plant, and the overpopulation that the plant called into being, are still there, but the world market is all but gone. The installation of modern machinery is the owners' only hope of cutting costs to a point where profit is possible, and new machines only mean more men thrown on the dole. Another economy is made possible by the persistence in mechanized industry of the old apprentice system from the days of hand work; boys just out of school are hired as apprentices, and for seven years do men's work at boys' wages. Then, when they reach man's estate and want to take on men's responsibilities, they are replaced by other boys and thrown out on the dole.

That is the background, the underlying cause of all the misery which befalls Mr. Greenwood's characters. But what chiefly concerns him, what he puts over so powerfully that it must concern the reader, is the continuing outrage on elementary human decency that is the end product of such a system. Squalor and grime, dirt and stench, disease and malnutrition; indecent lack of privacy, grown brothers and sisters sleeping in the same bed because there is no other, or in the same room with drunkenly amorous parents; and back of it all the ever-present insecurity, with no anodyne but the movies, the hope of winning a threepenny bet on the races, or drink. The feeling of a man who has "worked every hour God sent, every day o' me life; an' every bloody day, every bloody hour, worse off'n when Ah was fust wed." Young people who hate sex because they see what it has done, what it has come to mean, to their parents; yet cannot help being human themselves, cannot always be careful even on the dole. Young men ashamed, afraid to speak to the girls they love because nothing can come of it but trouble. From all this there are apparently only two exits—enlistment in the army (but the army cannot make room for all the unemployed) and committing a crime; when you get out of jail the probation officer will get you a job from some philanthropist who cannot make jobs for all the people who do not go to jail.

But this is not a novel about the masses, it is a novel about individuals who are typical of the masses but are themselves living people. There is bitter humor in the portraits of the old women—sour or kindly, generous or greedy; but the central figure is Harry Hardcastle who lost his job when he passed beyond apprentice wages, and was careless enough to get his fiancée pregnant afterward. Because his sister had a job and his father was on the dole, the Means Test excluded Harry and his wife from any but pauper relief in the workhouse; and not only in Harry but in his family and his friends you can see what unemployment, apparently permanent and hopeless unemployment, means to human beings. But there is a happy ending; Harry's sister becomes a whore, and the man who is keeping her finds jobs for her father and brother.

This is not in any sense a propagandist novel. The most intelligent of the characters is a worker for the Labor Party, with which Mr. Greenwood's sympathies apparently lie; but possibly he realizes that even a socialist England would have difficulty in giving its crowded population a decent standard of living unless all the world (and notably Japan) were socialist, too; and perhaps not even then. At any rate, there are no caricatures of members of the owning class; they never appear in the picture at all, and the foremen, the clerks in the labor exchanges who must refuse the dole to those disqualified by new laws, are kindly people who hate what they have to do. Because the people are English there is little violence, little talk of violence; but the whole book is propaganda far more powerful than the ordinary consciously revolutionary novel, because it is a picture of real people living in conditions that are a disgrace to the human race. Mr. Greenwood points to no answer, perhaps cannot see any answer; but you finish the book feeling that some answer must be found.

Some misguided humorist has described this fine novel, on the jacket, as one which has "shaken the English reviewers from the Olympian calm." American book buyers must know by now that English reviewers can be knocked over with a feather; but "Love on the Dole" is no feather, and it deserves better than damnation by such faint praise.

Pitkin's Progress

(*Continued from first page*)

quite clear. It might be easier to say what it is not.

First, it involves no revolt against the institutions of private property and profit—although now and then Professor Pitkin says unpleasant things about some bankers, real-estate sharks, utility men, and especially gangsters. It involves no adoption of a national economic plan—Professor Pitkin is a firm believer in democratic decentralization, and instead of correlating the industries and labors of the land he advises us to go forth, as "New Pioneers," to stake out new towns and carry on subsistence farming and barter. Nor is the Pitkin plan fascist—there may be a lot of talk in it about suspending both imports and exports, of corralling the bottom grade of citizens, economically speaking, in government poor farms, and of deporting aliens back to the "coolie" countries where they came from, but still it is not straight fascism. There is nothing of the class conflict in the Pitkin Program—young rich boys and young poor boys are to get together, the rich supplying the stocks and bonds and the poor doing farming and perhaps sweeping the walks around the Big Chief's tent. It is not Republican—although there is some ominous advice that the "best" of us shall form "Action Groups" who shall seek the support of "the older well-to-do citizens of your area"; we should solicit the "keen, forward-looking men in the Rotary, Kiwanis, Elks," says the professor.

Is that all there is to it? Well, there is a great deal of practical advice on how to get started. For instance: "Send many telegrams to Congressmen!" But unfortunately there is nowhere any explanation of what the Plan really consists of. We are to win over sections of Congress, win over industrialists, win over the "desperate"—all on a "colossal" and hazy program of health, shelter, and work for all. You mean a program that would take over the productive plant of the nation? Oh, no! All Professor Pitkin really says is that we young people should go forth to the many "neglected beauty spots" of the nation, establish "little villages" as our great-grandfathers did, set up "self-help barter organizations," and—perhaps as a concession to the twentieth century—build some electric power plants.

The whole thing would sound like a preposterous joke if it were not that young people are being exhorted by the publishers to spend their money seriously on this book. In a time of world-shaking inquiry, Professor Pitkin has the cheek to tell his young disciples to say to their friends, "If some of you want to debate the many large issues of the day, please go somewhere and enjoy yourselves." He wants us to stop talking and *do* something. Do what? Almost anything. But *do* something that *works*.

We need not examine this seriously. It is simply the *reductio ad absurdum* of pragmatism. In Professor Pitkin we find the absolutely untheoretical mind which is wholly concerned with "common sense" and "success." And what happens when the mind so consistently excludes theory, or thinking, from its ambit, is pretty clear: the common sense becomes nonsense.

The alternate exhibit, "New Careers for Youth," lacks the pretensions of the Plan volume. But it also invites youth to pay cash down and partake of its wisdom. What does it say? It says that many professions and businesses are over-crowded. (There are dozens of specific cases, fully documented—all of Professor Pitkin's books are buttressed with statistics). And that many others offer opportunities. Thus, the young person should strictly avoid the arts, and try electrical engineering or farm management instead. While he is still unemployed, he should of course not fail to "travel regularly around the United States." In case he is so plain dumb, after reading "New Careers for Youth," as not to land a swell job in "the new salesmanship," he can always go in for "attic research" and be another Edison.

It is suggested that such young people as have not yet bought their tickets to Professor Pitkin's tent, go over and watch the elephants instead.

* *

William Harlan Hale, now on Fortune, *is one of the youngest of American editors whose work attracted attention while he was still in college.*

Evelyn L. Thomas, writing in *John o'London's Weekly* of great people she remembers, says: "The author of the 'Idylls of the King' once came to dine with my father. We were in the drawing-room after dinner, and for the first time my eyes beheld our King Arthur, a tall, rough-haired, rough-bearded man with a wonderfully breezy personality. One of my sisters and our little Fräulein were standing by the sofa, and, pulling one on each side of him, he said, abruptly: 'Sit down.' Then, turning to Fräulein, he shouted: 'So you're German. I can't stand your Bismarck.' Of course, he did not know that she was a distant cousin of the great statesman . . . but the situation was relieved by my father asking Tennyson if he would read one of his poems, and he accordingly read in a rolling voice and with just emphasis, 'Come into the garden, Maud.'"

Life Aboard a Lightship

(*Continued from first page*)

made tolerable by thought of the nobility of Chief "Crazy Horse," the Indian, under greater misfortune: Oscar who said "Ha!" and suspected everyone . . . and his own soul: Ole who did not believe in God because no miraculous hand was extended in a moment of tragedy: stolid Mister Gill who asked no more of life than a round of hard duty, a bout of drinking, and a night's drift. A motley crowd of "hard cases," but suited to such a lonely spell of sea duty . . . sea spirited . . . knowing that one must have something of one's own to take to sea, or else—like the cook who, brooding overlong on his absence from city scenes, ended it all by jumping overboard—nothing of one's own to preserve sanity. Ole, the deck hand, says this—

> "The cook is not going out of his head because there is no one to talk to. You know what he thinks about: movies, automobiles, crowds of people he doesn't even know. He would not be crazy if he could look at electric light signs and crowds of people going in and out of Frederick & Nelson's. He would be all right if he could stand on Second Avenue and listen to a player piano in a store window." Ole spat into the distant cuspidor with contemptuous accuracy. "It is *not* terrible," he repeated. "It is disgusting for a man to have nothing of his own in his head." He looked down at the messman with grave appeal in his eyes. "Maybe you could tell me; I have thought about it often, but I know very little. Do cities make people like that? Sometimes I tell myself that people go that way because there is so much in a city they think they have everything. And when they get by themselves they find they are empty because none of it was their own."

Because none of it was their own!

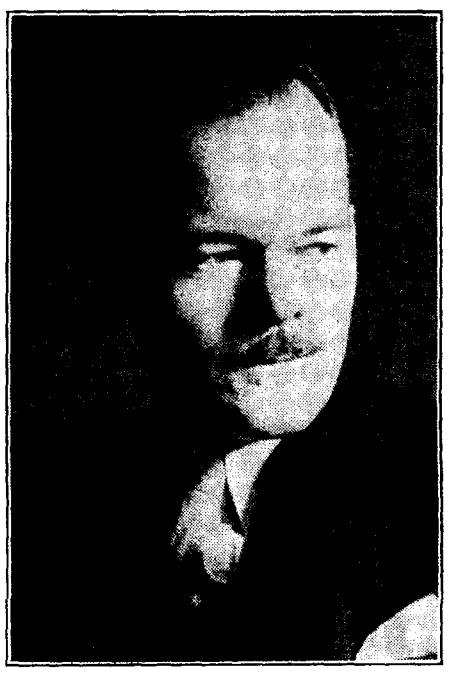
I have no knowledge of any former writing by this author. If "Lightship" is his first book, Mr. Archie Binns at once joins company with such a writer as Mr. Robert Nathan in any studied comparison. He has the same command of faultlessly simple prose, the same gift of evoking in the mind of the reader a gentle picture. Harry finds himself burdened by carrying an unwieldy pole and his small daughter in the city streets.

> At Sixth Avenue and Clinton Place he put her down. It was as far as he had strength to carry her, and they had to wait for the traffic. . . . Sticky fingers and a warm mouth pressed against Harry's hand. He hardly noticed at first. When he looked down, Martha was holding his hand in both hers, kissing it.
>
> "For carrying me," she explained between kisses.

She explained! Mr. Binns has the real art of sufficiency. Like many other readers, I would like to know more about the lives and tragedies of the crew of Lightship 167. I would like to know what happened to Harry when he returned to New York for but three days after his tragic voyage in the *Harvester*, but I can feel with the author that that is no important timber in the Lightship's planking . . . no necessary supplement to his theme which is in effect the "life" of a noble vessel.

* *

David W. Bone, himself the writer of novels of the sea, is captain of the Anchor line steamship Transylvania.



ARCHIE BINNS

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Bryant Park Interlude

By GEORGE LIBAIRE

LAST night, while passing through town, I chanced upon an old friend and sat with him in his Village flat until far past midnight. When we were talked out he offered to share his bed with me, but I would not let him, for I have ever been a capricious sleeper. So, against his better judgment, I went down into the streets and wandered almost at random among the haunted and driven, the crippled, the feral, the commonplace but etiolated, who sparsely populate at that hour the twilight which falls over the White Way when all chance of profitable gaiety has departed. I had no luggage other than those intangible matters which my friend and I had revived between us: the residuum of old quarrels, unhappy and happy alike, in which he and I had taken our part, and from which we had emerged, we felt, not too discreditably. In the main, we had spoken of escapades among what used to be called the genteel; that is to say, devotees—and pensioners—of the Good Life.

As often happens after a venture, even a reminiscent one, into that artificial climate of the intellect, I was beset by a revulsion of taste. It was as though the gears of my mind had reversed from sheer fatigue of their too even meshing. Exhaustion and the hour were in part to blame, but not entirely. The whole process of my fancy was altered; and I slipped once more—as how often in the past, at moments less opportune—into that mood which Tolstoy thought peculiar to the genius of the Russian soul. Perhaps you recall the passage in "War and Peace"? Pierre, a nobleman, has been lying sleepless, his feet swathed in burlap, beside a lousy peasant on the dirt of a prison floor. The peasant, Platon Karataev, wakes all at once, like a dog, and remarks blandly: "Lie down and curl up, get up and shake yourself." It is not the peasant who speaks to the count, but the accumulated wisdom of the prison floor itself. And then, says Tolstoy, there came over Pierre "that vague, exclusively Russian scorn for all things conventional, artistic, human, for all that is counted by the majority of men to be the highest good in the world."

Exclusively Russian, is it? Evidently not: for there stood I, no Slav, but the grandson and nephew of American stockbrokers; and that vague scorn was upon me too, driving me down street after street, when I might have been sleeping between aseptic sheets. A brief skirmish with the sardonic night-clerk would have installed me in any one of a hundred hotels, yet there I was, climbing the steps of the Library, and walking along the terrace into Bryant Park.*

Of course the best places had long since been taken. Foot to foot and head to head, muffled in newsprint and with arms for pillows, the bums—vagrants, to you—slept without interval upon granite hemicycles placed there to commemorate the writer of "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," and —what did he call the one that starts: "The groves were God's first temples?" But no matter. Perhaps the mild poet would be content to know that there is a grove, of a sort, in his park. Within it, however, none offers to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication. Far otherwise. Should you ever be driven to wander about Bryant Park in the night, keep clear of that belt of stunted trees on the Sixth Avenue side. That is the sleeping-place of the élite, the early comers, the far-sighted who have spent the last hours of daylight in a search for luxurious bedding, preferably cardboard. Those heaps of carefully distributed rubbish which you may see there shelter each of them a man. You must pick your way lest you tread upon a hand, or, should you step between two pasteboard cartons, upon a stomach. And near the fountain by Forty-Second Street you must walk cautiously too, waiting your turn. There, as likely as not, you may come upon a heap of clothes piled with desperate neatness at the foot of the pedestal while their owner bathes, Continental fashion, at the drinking-jet. However, do not give up hope. You will be able to find room, as I did, upon one of the wooden benches. There only the more improvident and the transient sleep, because of the draughts and dew.

Disregarding the advice of an illuminated wall which urged me to Snap Back to Normal for a Nickel, I sat down and turned up my coatcollar. From all sides came grunts, heavy respirations, a faint rustling as the sleepers stirred, while here and there grey figures shuffled about, seeking the fountain or a spot of softer gravel. I fumbled for a cigarette, and reminded myself that it has suited the fancies of many to speak of New York under the figure of a jungle. So, I suppose, one may do—if one can be content with the metaphor of a jungle inhabited by primates and Pekingese. But what sort of jungle is it in which the stronger hide while the moon rides high in its last quarter, and the weak are allowed to sprawl openly, unmolested, around the water-hole? Surely, I told myself, that figure will not apply here. These restless creatures have escaped the jungle-paths of our contriving, just as—though from an impulse of a different bearing—the little brown fish of St. Francis at one time swam free, and the nets of no convention could hold them. Surely, I thought, there is virtue to be found even in this unholy poverty, even among these involuntary celibates. And as for their obedience, they are submissive to the discipline of the State, which, impersonal as any medieval Order, enjoins fasting but forbids starvation.

Yes, at that hour and in that place there did seem to be some virtue in the condition of mundane beggary, with its power to keep alive in the world that vague scorn for all things conventional, artistic, human, which Tolstoy knew. For, to be more precisely scornful, what is it that has always been the ultimate curse of mediocre living? Not, I take it, slavery to the abstractions of money, fame, or pleasure, but bondage to what for the moment we call consumer goods—slavery to mere chattels as such. From this, when it is astutely played upon,—from this instinctive lust of ours to possess always, but never to be self-possessed,—can grow up, little by little, those great fortunes which plague the world and endow the arts, which fill the tenements and the national cemeteries, and pay for unfinished murals in Radio City. Moreover, is it not through slavery to one's chattels that one is enabled to reduce others to chattel-slavery itself, and then take pride that one has struggled along bravely with but few possessions?

The dew was beginning to make itself felt, and the last of the illuminated advertisements had gone out, when the bench received a second guest.

"Give me another one of those cigarettes, and have a doughnut," he said; and he slid a paper bag within reach of my hand.

The flare of his cupped match showed me a blunted aquiline nose and black eyebrows beneath the roll of a beret, yet there was the assertive twang of New England hill talk in his voice.

"French Canadian?" I asked.

"Just that," he answered, "and a lot of good the life insurance did me that I got for joining their society."

He warmed his fingers with my tobacco and told me of his doings, while I dozed and nodded. Two trips to England, Canadian Pacific boats. Deck-hand once, then pantry-boy. No more. No room for anyone under six feet this year. Two nights without sleep. Shoes nearly gone, working down from Portsmouth. A clean shirt yesterday, though. The boy on the laundry-truck took the dirty one. Said it could be a miscount, and they'd make it good next week. Address of the Reforestation Corps from a minister in Yonkers. Polished some fans in an all-night restaurant. Bowl of soup and six doughnuts. Have another doughnut?

I gave him his cigarette, and we watched the sleepers beginning to rouse among the pines. Close together though they had slept, none spoke to another. Two or three did setting-up exercises. The rest simply shook themselves, sat for a little facing every whichway, and then began pawing through their paper wadding and excelsior in search of hats and shoes. One by one, scurrying diagonally, they carried their collected rubbish to a pile near the center of the park, and disappeared behind the speed-derrick which is kept there, apparently, in case another Federal Hall should be set up for it to demolish. A fire flickered up among the bars of a small incinerator. Six or eight men stood around it, beating their hands beneath their armpits, until the smoke forced them to bump one another into a few turns of ungainly round dance. A policeman strolled by, and knocked at a time-keeper's abandoned sentry-box to rouse the man who had slept on the shelf there. He was a privileged character; the policeman held one of his crutches, while he combed his hair with his free hand. And then, out of nowhere, within two inches of my foot, hopped the first sparrow, its eye preternaturally black and knowing in the dull light.

"He's just a bum too," remarked my companion. "Pretends he's after crumbs. Don't give him anything—he'd only spend it for liquor."

* Since this article was written Bryant Park has begun to undergo transformation. There is now veritably a grove in the park! The depression, alas, which gave rise to Mr. Libaire's revery, still fills the city's open spaces with the idle and homeless.

Humbert Wolfe, reviewing a number of recent novels in the London *Observer*, says: "I have lately finished reading, with equal weariness and disgust, Oscar Wilde's 'Portrait of Dorian Gray.' The morals, I thought, are by modern standards impeccable. What is intolerable is the pretense that to sin is divine and that to forgive is human. But what is even worse, I reflected, is the pretension that only the negligible is important. After all, I mused bitterly, what else at any time has mankind had the will or leisure to neglect? Each generation in turn makes this petty discovery only to be despised by its successor."

Double-Crostics: Number 22

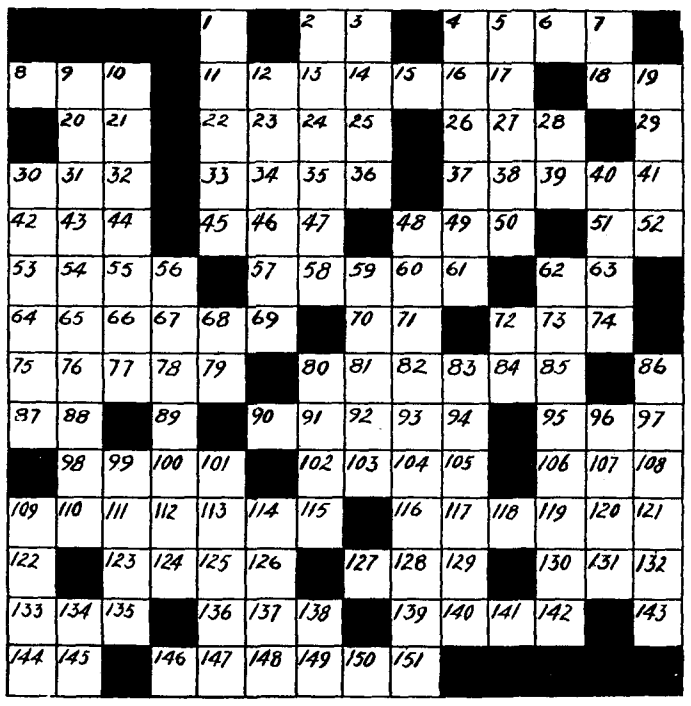
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 136-8-109-13-98-122-63. To waste away.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 33-119-105-1. Teutonic god of mischief.	_ _ _ _
III. 87-78-116-66-25. To put under ground.	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 104-117-70-144-94. Inhabitant of Thomas Burke's Limehouse.	_ _ _ _ _
V. 10-49-126-20-137-36-97-91. To put in harm's way.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 3-24-130-146. Error in the outfield.	_ _ _ _
VII. 55-26-64-123. Flowing back; decline (pl.).	_ _ _ _
VIII. 10-46-60-23-39. Celebrated by Robert W. Service.	_ _ _ _ _
IX. 31-67-6-141-84. Describes a nudist colony.	_ _ _ _ _
X. 124-83-11-53-133-139. Forces one's way rudely.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 29-134-108-51. Sediment of a liquid.	_ _ _ _
XII. 131-16-93-112. Caledonian swimming hole.	_ _ _ _
XIII. 2-44-142. To put two and two together.	_ _ _
XIV. 14-140-113-129-45. Fertilized and mature ovules.	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 30-145-138-61-15-68. Most peculiar.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 35-38-90-9-86-21. King David's counsellor.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 121-74-111-79-143-149-41. Useless trifles or ornaments.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 18-37-115-151. Superior in position or authority.	_ _ _ _
XIX. 19-81-77-32-42-101. Contended, disputed.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 107-34-12-27-102-147-125. Glib of utterance.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 99-80-22-89-4-150. For a space of time.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 56-76-17-7-59. A Shakespearean character.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 5-71-54-103-65-50. Toward the interior.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 48-58-114-75. Turned to one side; perverse.	_ _ _ _
XXV. 72-96-82-120-100-69. Cousin of the robin.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVI. 40-88-132-47. Last age of pre-history.	_ _ _ _
XXVII. 148-62-57-52-92. City named for a Sioux tribe.	_ _ _ _ _
XXVIII. 128-43-95-73-106-135. Situated below.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIX. 85-28-127-118. Browning wrote a poem about his.	_ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 21)

RICHARD HOVEY—"THE MESSENGER"

But sometimes in a sudden hour
I have been great with god-like calm,
As if thy tranquil world of power
Flowed in about me like a psalm.
. . . . . .
And, living, I have known a space
The hush and mastery of Death.

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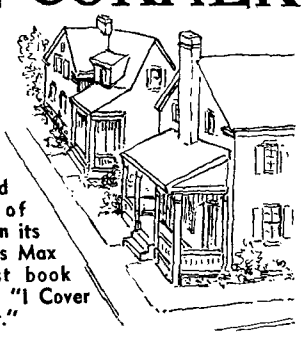

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Foreign Literature

Some Recent German Novels

DER JUNGE JOSEPH. By Thomas Mann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1934.

HOLUNDER IN POLEN. By Walter von Molo. Vienna: P. Zsolnay. 1934.

MEINO DER PRAHLER. By Gustav Frenssen. Berlin: G. Grote. 1934.

DIE MAGD DES JÜRGEN DOSKOCIL. By Ernst Wiechert. Munich: Langen-Müller. 1934.

DIE UNBEKANNTE GRÖSSE. By Hermann Broch. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1934.

WER EINMAL AUS DEM BLECHNAPF FRISST. By Hans Fallada. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1934.

DIE MUTTER DER WEISHEIT. By Henry Benrath. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. 1934.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

FOLLOWING quickly on the English translation of the first part of Thomas Mann's Joseph-trilogy comes in German the second part, "Young Joseph." It is more objective than the "Stories of Jacob," where there was a good deal of speculation about the beginning of time, mankind's origin. Here we are not allowed to forget—we are perhaps too often reminded—that Mann is a child of the twentieth century and has read Freud and Sir J. G. Frazer—but we are also given a vivid expansion of the Old Testament narrative. It is a serious disadvantage against which all writers who choose their *Stoff* from the Old Testament must contend, that in any ordinary reader there must inevitably be a mental comparison between their work and the almost invariably majestic simplicity of the Biblical narrative. "Der Junge Joseph" is no exception; the explanation, for example, of Jacob's presentation of the coat of many colors, is altogether too sophisticated. But when we can abstract our mind from the actual recollection of the original story, it is undeniable that the expansion is vivid. Particularly is this so in the account of the brothers' jealousy and abandonment of Joseph, followed by the pitiable lying to the pathetic old father. We now look forward to the third and last volume, "Joseph in Ägypten."

The next four novels on our list are, unlike Thomas Mann's work, linked with recent changes in German mentality and outlook. Walter von Molo has long been known as the writer of patriotic historical novels. Here he has combined patriotic propaganda with an interesting plot, for Holunder is a young German who goes as tutor to a German family in Silesia before a great part of that territory had been awarded to Poland. The wife, who is neglected by her husband—in any case the boy for whom Holunder is engaged is the offspring of her husband's previous *liaison*—falls in love with the tutor while her husband is imprisoned and brutally treated by the Poles. The anti-Polish polemic, in fact, is vigorous and unrestrained; it may be that it was written before the German-Polish Treaty achieved by Herr Hitler's Government, and in any event it distracts the reader from the undeniable interest of the narrative.

"Meino der Prahler" is in the familiar vein of Gustav Frenssen, presenting us with a boastful, inexperienced young man who takes on a badly managed farm and by sheer grit "wins through," all the time resisting temptation, the overcoming of which "makes a man of him." From "Jorn Uhl" onwards this has been Frenssen's favorite gambit, and the only connection he has with the new regime is that it is felt appropriate, in connection with his seventieth birthday, to advertise his new novel as the kind of healthy, objective fiction which the "new Germany" has been waiting for. Frenssen hardly needs this; like his previous work, the vigor and straightforwardness of his novel of German farm life will win appreciation on its merits.

So will Ernst Wiechert's story, although this, too, has been greeted as demonstrating the German "back to the land" tendency which it is one of the declared aims of Nazi-ism to encourage. It would be truer to say that this stark, realistic story is evidence of the reaction against urban introspection and sophistication that was already apparent enough long before Herr Hitler achieved his revolution. Jürgen is a simple fisherman in East Prussia, and the girl he lives with after his wife's death is pestered by a Mormon preacher who comes to the village and tries to exploit, for his own sensual ends, the ignorance and superstition of this simple, primitive, and hardworking people. There is a struggle between the two men—for Marte Jürgen represents the physical, the Mormon the spiritual world, and when her baby dies she is almost persuaded of the latter's occult powers. Eventually, however, she decides for Jürgen and under great provocation murders the Mormon. The actual plot, thus briefly summarized, is of secondary importance in this vivid story, the background of which is enough to stamp it as one of the most effective pieces of fiction to come from Germany for the past few years.

Hermann Broch, in his "Sleepwalkers," wrote one of the most notable German novels since 1918. Its length, its recondite philosophy, and its frequent obscurity of style may have prevented it from reaching a wide circle of readers, but these drawbacks have been avoided in this new novel. Here Herr Broch has given us a consistent and convincing picture of a German middle-class family. This that is represented here is the Germany which had kept its ideals, but had no passion, no vital religious interest in them.

Hans Fallada achieved, deservedly, wide fame as the writer of "Little Man, What Now?" It may be suggested that he will do the same with his latest novel when an English version is made available. For this story of a criminal in and out of prison is in the best style of his social realism, informed with sympathy, knowledge, and remarkable narrative power, particularly in the dialogue passages. Herr Fallada displays an astonishing acquaintance with the psychology and the far from squeamish vocabulary of the convict, but this is not a mere piece of naturalistic fiction; it is a social novel of real artistic importance.

Henry Benrath is that rather rare bird among contemporary German writers, a real humorist. His earlier novel, "Ball am Schloss Kobolnow" was a good example of his talent, and we are inclined to think "Die Mutter der Weisheit" even better. It is an amusing account of a small German university-town in the year before the Great War.

A first edition of FitzGerald's translation of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" was sold in London recently for £135.

OUR EDITORS CHORTLE

"This time, *this* time!" And they're right. This *September* issue of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR is the cream of the crop, the issue of the year, the brain child *par excellence*. Messrs. Nathan, Boyd, Anderson, Cabell and O'Neill concur, not for publication, of course, that even such a remarkable coterie as themselves couldn't turn out such a tasty job every month. It's sort of an act of God this *September* issue of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

HAVE YOU BEEN TO THE WORLD'S FAIR?

If you're going, or can't go, or don't want to—or even if you've *been*, don't miss the uproarious satire on page 6. We warn you that if you can't flip it into your dinner conversation for the next few weeks you'll be pointed at. Nor should you neglect your intellect. There's a serious and illuminating article in the same issue on

KIDNAP GANGS AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS

by Anthony Turano, member of the Nevada Bar. Nor should you overlook, as a consistent *Saturday Reviewer*,

SHADES OF LYTTON STRACHEY

by Ernest Boyd, a very literary fellow himself, on occasion. Or, you Steckel hounds, read about the

BOOK BUM

who used to spend his mooched dimes on gin but now spends them on Steckel—because that gentleman has Freud "skinned a mile" when it comes to packing a wallop in the case histories.

And if you're still interested in *Anthony Adverse*—and it seems to be going on forever—read one of our talented contributor's impressions in

ELEPHANTIASIS

You lovers of Cabell, too, will tickle your sensibilities with his literary confection on

THE POMPADOUR

You aspiring writers, you ex—or present newspaper tyros, gather up your laughter for

NEWSPAPER MAN

"who can wear an old velour hat with a mussy sweat band in the middle of a hot August afternoon, the unadvertised garters that swish around his ankles, and a tie that looks like a piece of Roumanian embroidery, and not be ridiculed for the *tout ensemble*."

So much of the stuff that makes a good magazine is in this one issue of the *September* AMERICAN SPECTATOR that we can only urge you to lavish a dime on it for your own delectation. And—ah hum—if you haven't *read* about our new format just cast your eyes on it. It's beee-oo-tiful and very compact for reading in such crowded spots as the Ritz Bar.

You should be getting THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR every month. You can be a member of our own particular Culture Club for one year for $1.00. Twelve issues of heady literary cocktails. Won't you sign up with the Best People? If you're cautious send us a dime (10c) and we'll send *you* a sample copy.

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A.V.-5

WILLIAM SOSKIN'S REVIEW

"JOHN O'HARA'S first novel, APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA, is too good to be true. Ever since I finished it I've gone around knocking on wood and saying please don't let this man go wrong, make him write more novels that are hard and sensuous and elegant reporting of what critics call the American Scene. Don't let him get bored with people and hate and love and the things people do and don't let him run off to proletarian or other movements. Keep him a writer. There are so few of his kind, people who know his subjects and are not pushed over by them . . .

"In careful reporting he resembles Sinclair Lewis at his best, but he combines an emotional sensitivity with that reporting which the author of *Main Street* often lacks . . . There will also be talk of Hemingway and of James Gould Cozzens in relation to this book—but what of all these resemblances?
O'Hara exists in his
own right, now."—

WILLIAM SOSKIN

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA

by JOHN O'HARA

$2.50
2nd Printing

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.

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The New Books

Fiction

A WINTER IN MALLORCA. By K. T. Knoblock. Harpers. 1934. $2.

If goings-on like those in Mr. Knoblock's fantasia were common in Mallorca, the wonder is that irate Mallorcans did not throw the whole foreign colony into the Mediterranean. Mr. Knoblock spent a winter on the island, and he evidently enjoyed himself so well that wild horses could not have prevented his writing a novel about it. His sympathies were all with the populace against the vandal foreigners; the latter, in general, had come to get cheap living or to inflate their art, and had remained to make donkeys of themselves. Mallorca is, of course, physically beautiful, and the free vaudeville show of human folly was continuously played against a charming backdrop. Small wonder that Mr. Knoblock, in appreciation and with a great deal of gusto, transformed his winter into a novel.

There is no plot in "A Winter in Mallorca." Peter and Jerry (Geraldine) are two young Americans on their honeymoon, accompanied by Jerry's mother, whom they call "The Matriarch." They write a bit, learn a little Spanish, and lap up all the eccentricity within miles. A Mrs. Oppenheimer from Iowa spends almost the whole winter with them; she has persistent delusions of intellectual grandeur. Two especially peculiar couples—the Wieszkes and the Titmases—, who live just down the road, provide assorted aspects of individualism gone haywire. And there are other semi-lunatics in abundance, a fresh batch in very nearly each chapter. As the winter goes by, nothing happens, and yet almost everything happens; and everything is bizarre and quaint, and shrill with a determined, alcoholic gaiety.

With a narrative like this, much depends on the reader's willingness to go along with the author. If the reader resists, Mr. Knoblock will seem thin and dull, and the characters cheap literary tricks. But if met with a modicum of sympathy and like-mindedness, the book becomes amusing. R. B. M.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY. By Irvin S. Cobb. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. $2.

Cobb is not ashamed to be his age. He came to the surface at a time when the object of short fiction was to give pleasure to the customers, and he keeps on giving it even after the majority of critics has decided that a good short story must be a carbon copy of Chekhov. There is one glory of the moon and another glory of the stars; Chekhov, whether aged in the wood or cut and blended, is all right, if that is what you want, but there is as yet no law requiring everybody to want that kind of story. If you simply want somebody to sit down and tell a tale, to make you keep wondering what is going to happen, and eventually to make something happen more neatly and satisfactorily than it usually does in life, then "Faith, Hope, and Charity" is your meat. Most of the fiction stories in the volume are frankly artificial, so far as the plot goes; but it is the function of one kind of fiction to give you something more pleasing to the senses of justice and proportion than the sort of thing anybody can see for himself, and Cobb does it well. And, curiously, a quarter of a century after "The Escape of Mr. Trimm," he is still at his best with the theme that introduced him to fiction. E. D.

THE GREAT ADAM. By George Dixon Snell, III. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Snell has written here a novel definitely worth consideration. Its locale is a small town in the eastern part of Idaho, where Adam Bullhurst, the "great" Adam of the title, banker and landowner, has built a miniature empire for himself and his son. At the opening of the novel Adam Bullhurst is at the height of his powers, and the progress of the narrative is the story of his decline to solitude, penury, and self-destruction. The pattern of the novel is ancient: the Great Man come to a tragic end through the flaw in his character, the tragedy being all the more touching because the protagonist falls from a high worldly place. The flaw in Adam Bullhurst was his blindness to everything save his own lust for power; he could not sense the dangers to himself that lurked in events and in people. His tragic fall is amply documented by Mr. Snell; the social and economic scene at the turn of the century is solid and complete. The town of St. Anthony, the citizens, the climate, the farming country, the distant Tetons, the more distant, almost fabulous, Salt Lake City—all these are background and verification for the tragedy of Adam Bullhurst.

The writing is good, for Mr. Snell seldom wavers from a discreet path of relevance and appositeness. In general the novel has a distinct air of competence. It is, to be sure, frequently melodramatic, and sometimes it seems to be almost too violent. But in the fine old tragic formula this is thoroughly respectable. Adam Bullhurst keeps our sympathy through most of the book; but, with the exception of the lawyer Qualtrough, the other characters are a despicable, mean-spirited lot. So much the better does Adam Bullhurst fare. All in all, Mr. Snell has written an excellent novel, well rounded and conservative.

It is a pleasure to find a specifically American novel, with local color not in the least condescending, that follows so worthily one of the great narrative patterns. Thomas Hardy comes especially to mind. "The Great Adam" is built to much the same framework as "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Mr. Snell shows that we are getting able to do these things over here without self-consciousness. R. B. M.

Drama

RACES. A Drama by Ferdinand Bruckner. Knopf. 1934. $2.

This play, hot from the Nazi persecution of the Jews, was translated by Ruth Langner and produced by the Theatre Guild last season in Philadelphia. We believe it never reached New York. It contains the love story of a young German and a beautiful and exemplary Jewess; a hysterical scene of Jew-baiting, and several scenes of mob violence and enthusiasm. The young German is forced to

(*Continued on next page*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE WHITE PARADE *Rian James* (King: $2.)	Romance	A movie scenarist picks up the current craze for hospital scenery with the story of the hard-working nurse and the wealthy polo boy.	Hollywood
SATAN'S PLAYGROUND *Crump & Woodyatt* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Jungle Drammer	The one about the officer on the African station, the beautiful gal in England, and the dark-complected temptress.	Old stuff
WASN'T THE DEPRESSION TERRIBLE? *Otto Soglow & D. G. Plotkin* (Covici, Friede: $2.)	Picture Book	Not very funny cartoons with accompanying gag lines. Soglow should not be confined to one subject.	Punk
THE TRAIL OF DANGER *William McLeod Raine* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Adventure	The author of Westerns does a yarn about the shanghaied Easterner who jumped ship into the back yard of Spanish gal in time to save her from one of the villains of the gold-rush days.	Oke

New Scribner Books

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Don't Blame the Munitions Makers . . . F. C. Hanighen & H. C. Engelbrecht 1
Herbert Lehman: "Silent Dynamite" Saul Levitt & Allan Chase 11
First Encounter . . . Sigrid Undset 21
Mussolini Is Tottering . . . Anthony M. Turano 25
A Plea for Socialized Medicine . . . George W. Aspinwall 34
Peary Did Not Reach the Pole . . . Henshaw Ward 41
They Broke Our Strike . . . John Mullen 49
Cows and Horses Are Hungry . . . Meridel LeSueur 53
Mental Cruelty . . . Sally Benson 57
The American Karl Marx . . . George Simpson 60
Business Men Are Bewildered . . . John L. Spivak 69
The Truth About Dentifrices . . . Jerome W. Ephraim 77
Fiddlers Are Dumber Than Pianists . . . Edward Robinson 82
The Soviets Fight Bureucracy . . . Anna Louise Strong 86
Blind Flying Is Not Safe . . . Kenneth Brown Collings 90
France Changes Her Constitution . . . Robert Briffault 93
Walt Whitman in Russia . . . Albert Parry 100
The State of the Union:
The Teachers' Union . . . Gertrude Diamant 108
A Governor Guided by Divinations . . . W. D. Gillis 113
The Library:
Modern American Prose . . . Charles Angoff 118
Creative Research . . . Ludwig Lewisohn 120
Morris Hillquit . . . Benjamin Stolberg 122
Homes Are as Barren as Box-Cars Eleanor Rowland Wembridge 124
Life in the Bush . . . Grace Adams 125
The American Mercury Authors . . . 128
Check List of New Books
Recorded Music

Don't Miss the September Issue

DON'T BLAME THE MUNITIONS MAKERS
by F. C. Hanighen & H. C. Engelbrecht
The authors of the recent "Merchants of Death" here discuss further the munitions racket, bringing forward many new ideas. They point out that doing away with arms manufacturers would do no good, because they do not make wars. Governments make wars, and in the end capitalism and nationalism make wars. War, therefore, cannot be abolished until capitalism and nationalism are abolished.

HERBERT LEHMAN: "SILENT DYNAMITE" *by Saul Levitt & Allan Chase*
When Governor Lehman was elected all factions, liberal and conservative, were jubilant. It seemed that the ideal Governor had been found. Especially were the liberals happy, because they thought that he was interested in the lot of the underdog, and would push through legislation in his favor. This has proved to be far from the truth, as Messrs. Levitt and Chase point out in a close examination of his record. Mr. Lehman was, is, and always will be a banker.

FIRST ENCOUNTER *by Sigrid Undset*
This is a new and very moving piece of autobiography by the celebrated Nobel Prize author. It deals with Madame Undset's first encounter with poverty in her childhood, and it is told with high effectiveness.

MUSSOLINI IS TOTTERING
by Anthony M. Turano
Mr. Turano has just returned from Italy, where he talked on intimate terms with members of various professions, and here reports in detail what they told him about their real feelings with regard to Il Duce. All of them—lawyers, farmers, engineers, business men—are bitter against Mussolini. He has brought his country only misery, and it is now in worse condition than it has been in twenty years. That Il Duce is definitely on the way out seems to be beyond doubt.

A PLEA FOR SOCIALIZED MEDICINE *by George W. Aspinwall*
Dr. Aspinwall's "The Plight of the Doctor" in the May issue will be remembered. In the present article he presents the chief arguments for socialized medicine. He thinks that socialized medicine is the only form of medical service that is equitable both to physicians and to the public.

PEARY DID NOT REACH THE POLE
by Henshaw Ward
Confidentially, most of the living American explorers have always had doubts that Peary reached the Pole. Many of them are convinced that as an explorer he was a fraud, but for various reasons they have not thought it wise to say so in public. Mr. Ward here rehearses all the evidence, and comes to the conclusion that Peary did not reach the Pole, and that his own accounts belie his claim.

THEY BROKE OUR STRIKE
by John Mullen
Mr. Mullen was until recently an active strike organizer, and here he tells what he saw in the picket line in the recent strike in Carbon, Pennsylvania. His brief sketch is one of the few truly excellent pieces of proletarian writing to come out of the present labor unrest.

COWS AND HORSES ARE HUNGRY
by Meridel Le Sueur
What the drought has done to the cattle and the men and women and children of the West. Miss Le Sueur writes about them all in grandly tragic lines.

MENTAL CRUELTY *by Sally Benson*
A first-rate short story, dealing with the jealousy entertained by two divorced women of a friend's husband. After denouncing him violently, they admit that he is handsome "in an animal sort of way."

THE AMERICAN KARL MARX
by George Simpson
A full-length portrait of Daniel DeLeon, the one truly great intellect of the American labor movement. Lenin had the utmost respect for him, and used many of his ideas in the establishment of the U. S. S. R. He also said that DeLeon was the greatest Socialist thinker since Karl Marx. Dr. Simpson tells about his heroic life, and expounds his chief ideas.

BUSINESS MEN ARE BEWILDERED
by John L. Spivak
Mr. Spivak, in the August issue, revealed the plight of the American laborer and farmer in his article, "Bitter Unrest Sweeps the Nation." This was written after a tour of the entire United States. The present article is his report of the plight of the smaller business man, and is based upon intimate conversation with hundreds of them. Mr. Spivak finds that while their attitude and outlook for the future cannot be defined as absolute discouragement, it is one of bewilderment and helplessness.

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)
desert the Jewess, but seems lukewarm to his Nazi comrades, and is executed. The author attempts to adopt a judicial and reasonable attitude, and there is much talk of humanity. He shows us a rich Jew who betrays his race, as well as splendid and martyred Jews. But he fails to make anything but emotional special pleading out of his play, and he fails to conceal the fact that his theme and his emotion (and the grand "thoughts" he summons for the occasion) depend on the quickly-staling headlines of contemporary newspapers. One may sympathize with the author's agonies and bewilderments without pretending to enjoy his play. It is more difficult to sympathize with the Guild, which continues, year after year, and with the most intelligent and spiritual air, to trot out these "significant" and "thought-provoking" dramas.

F. F.

Miscellaneous

SONS OF EPHRAIM AND THE SPIRIT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE. By MacGregor Jenkins. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

There should be many persons who will delight in this warm and affectionate history of Williams College, and they should include not only alumni but also men who never saw its portals but who attended a small college and have a deep feeling for what it means. Wild as it may sound, they should include even men who went to Amherst, the immortal rival of the Berkshire College, for there is a similarity of tradition, custom, and spirit of the two institutions which is truly remarkable.

It is not remarkable, of course, after the reader discovers that one of the early presidents of Williams seceded with a group of about twenty students and moved a little eastward and southward to found below the Pelham Hills the college called Amherst. Amherst men can never blame him for this secession. They can easily understand the motive and approve the action.

But Mr. Jenkins, who is so much more than what is usually meant by a loyal alumnus, has not only paid a devoted tribute to his Alma Mater; has not only revealed the riches of its origin and the cumulative wealth of its progress,—but he has done what is extremely rare in a college history. He has revealed the Williams of today. By writing the story around a boy named Ferguson and taking him through the four academic years, he has been able to show how the spirit of Williams has survived, what awaits the matriculated student, and what it may become under the historian, Tyler Dennett, its new president.

From time to time the author recalls his own undergraduate days, which is a throwback of several generations. From time to time he recounts the very earliest history of the college. By jumping across the years in this way he has been able to draw a penetrating picture and to give real substance to the subtitle of the book. The book is never dull. The author's affection continually vibrates through all its pages. It is a wise and critical book written with great charm, and the least a Williams man should do is buy it.

S. S.

Travel

AN EXCURSION TO LITHUANIA. By A. A. Sachs. Hudson Bay Press.

Mr. Sachs's account of his return to his native land after twenty years in the United States is good-natured, detailed, and reminiscent of the letters which small-town newspapers used to publish from local dignitaries with literary tastes on their first trip to Europe. It will be read with interest by his friends, but the author, who "has a burning desire to write," still has much to learn about what is significant and the art of reporting it.

Brief Mention

The Champlain Society (Toronto), which has already sponsored valuable historical publications, now issues the recently discovered journals of Samuel Hearne and Philip Turnor who between the years 1774 and 1792 made extensive geographical explorations through the Canadian Northwest. These journals, with their careful detail, observation, and maps, will be of great geographical importance. The book is carefully prepared and embellished by an appendix of maps. Herbert H. Gowen continues his study of religion begun in *The Universal Faith* by *A History of Religion* (The Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee: $3.50). A technical but most informative and elaborate study of church unity has been issued by the Institute of Social and Religious Research of New York. It is by Paul Douglass. It is entitled *Church Unity in the United States.* An interesting special study of a little nation within a nation is *The Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic,* by Angie Debo, published by the University of Oklahoma Press ($3.50). This is substantially a history of the tribe to date illustrated with many photographs and other pictures.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Intellectual Milieu of John Dryden. Univ. of Michigan Pr. *William Shakespeare, Poet.* B. Atkinson. Peekskill, N. Y.: Watch Hill Press. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Franklin Paine Mall. F. R. Sabin. Johns Hopkins Pr. $2.75. *Love Can Open Prison Doors.* Starr Daily. Los Angeles: De Vorss. $1.50.

DRAMA

Elizabethan and Stuart Plays. Ed. C. R. Baskerville, V. B. Heltzel, and A. H. Nethercot. Holt. $5. *Understood Betsy.* Adapted by S. N. Cleghorn. Harcourt. 75 cents.

HISTORY

Constitutional History of England. G. B. Adams. Revised R. L. Schuyler. Holt. $3.

INTERNATIONAL

Fundamental Laws of the Chinese Soviet Republic. International. 75 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Cathedrals of England. H. Batsford and C. Fry. Scribners. $2.75. *The Old Inns of England.* A. E. Richardson. Scribners. $2.75. *Public Addresses of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.* Los Angeles: De Vorss. $1.50. *The Indian Theatre.* R. K. Yajnik. Dutton. $3. *Prizes and Presents.* E. T. Hamilton. Harcourt. $2.50.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

GIRL IN SCARLET waist, white skirt, coat, and hat, who sat with man in field box opposite first base at Polo Grounds on Saturday, August 11, and left after game through centre field, could do a kind deed for the week by telling bachelor, presentable and serious (not solemn), could furnish references, how he could get the chance to meet her. "Steve." Box 912.

TEACHER, 33, private school, will act as governess or companion to young person. Will go abroad. References. P. O. Box 609, Washington, D. C.

R. B. Bilious young woman desires correspondence course. Can you help?

SWISS MEADOWS—Small, old, beamed, paneled mountainside farmhouse; also separate cabin; wide fireplaces, library, 500 acres woods, fields, brooks—vegetables; modest swimming pool; meals not always regular but ample, served on terrace overlooking Greylock and Berkshire valleys, or beside crackling fires. $5 a day, $25 week, including afternoon tea. Cornelia Stratton Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

WANT work with small but swanky florist's, book, or bric-a-brac shop. Could swing something secretarial. Moderately educated, literate-minded; desirous of contacts, things harmonious with calmly civilized existence. Employed. Ratanchat.

ATTORNEY New Jersey. Studied and traveled Europe. Interested in literature and languages. Desires position with law firm or as private secretary. Will travel. Box 911.

YOUNG WIDOW, new in East, doing professional work, needs to find private family near Ithaca, interested in caring for 5 year old son. Must be able to give him understanding, love, and security of normal home and be more interested in him as an individual than in money. Box 910.

WILTON.—Christian family, hospitality guests appreciative; delightful country home. Excellent food. $15. References. M. B. Nelson, Cannondale, Conn.

HONESTY REQUIRED? College instructor wants employment in position requiring Honesty. Executive or secretarial work, educational, cultural or book guidance, travelling companion, tutor of speech, history, piano and 20th century literature. Qualifications: Master's Degree, world travel, musical education, good health. References exchanged. Walter Sam Weeks, 438 South Lake, Los Angeles, Cal.

LADY, good housekeeper and companion, would like position. Any location. Box 913.

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BUDDING HISTORIAN wishing to pursue a sixteenth century gentleman in the Public Record Office offers her services in return for a room in London. Will cook, type or tutor. Box 914.

PH.D., man, wishes only fair consideration of credentials by English department chairman needing experienced university teacher. Box 889.

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See Personals this issue for full description

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

POLAND TO THE FORE

"I am a high school English teacher," writes E. H. T. of Wallace, N. Y., *"in a community which is predominantly Polish. I would like a list of books written by Polish authors and also a list concerning the geography and history of Poland. Some biographies of famous Poles would also be valuable."*

BUT E. H. T. doesn't want a life of Conrad, which rules out one of the few Poles of contemporary times on whom there exists biographical material in English (and I interpret E. H. T.'s letter as meaning that this part of the literature he wants he is ready to take from non-Polish sources). The other contemporary Polish celebrity on whom there are several books is, of course, Paderewski. Only this year two have appeared, Charles Phillips's PADEREWSKI (Macmillan) and R. Landau's IGNACE PADEREWSKI (Crowell), both of which suffer from the undiscriminating hero worship of their authors. As Mr. Carl Engel, writing of the latter not long ago in the columns of this magazine pointed out, there is a far more illuminating characterization of the great pianist and less great politician in Marcel Schwob's IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS (Boni & Liveright) than in the longer works. It's curious how little material exists even on personalities so famous to Americans as Kosciusko and Pulaski. THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (Scribners), like all encyclopedias, of course, has an article on the former and will, when it reaches that point, no doubt have one also on Pulaski in whose memory so many American towns have been named. There's a charming little city nestled away on the bank of Richland Creek in Tennessee which comes to my mind whenever I see the name. I went on a pilgrimage there a few years ago to see the place where my parents set up housekeeping, and was quite enchanted with this thoroughly American town which perpetuated the services a Pole had rendered to our country. Incidentally, while I was looking for bibliographies on Kosciusko and Pulaski in the BRITANNICA I pulled out the volume which I supposed would contain a biography of Sobieski, and couldn't believe my eyes when I couldn't find an entry under that name. Only after exhausting what seemed every possible spelling without success did it occur to me to look under John, and there, wedged in with the popes, the John of England, and other Johns, hid John III (Sobieski). But not even a cross-reference! If E. H. T. wants biographies in Polish, he will find that there is a life of the king and also one of Kosciusko by T. Korzon. As to the annals and description of Poland, there's an excellent short history in English by Julia Orvis, entitled BRIEF HISTORY OF POLAND (Houghton Mifflin), and another, OUTLINES OF POLISH HISTORY (Oxford University Press), by R. Dyboski. A long work in Polish, DSCIEJE POLSKI, by Jósef Sznjski, is written largely from the point of view of the democratic school which looked back upon republican Poland with an admiration which ascribed its downfall to its external enemies rather than to the seeds of destruction it carried in its own constitution. This is regarded as a masterpiece of literature as well as history. The best geographical work on Poland is Romer's GEOGRAFCSCNO-STATYSTYCZNY ATLAS POLSKI (Geographical and Statistical Atlas of Poland).

And now for the novels. Sienkiewicz, of course, WITH FIRE AND SWORD, THE DELUGE, and PAN MICHAEL (Little, Brown), that exciting tetralogy which carries the tale from the revolt of the Ukraine Cossacks, through the invasion of Poland under Charles Gustavus of Sweden, to end in the final volume with the story of the war with the Tartars. The most significant fiction since Sienkiewicz's, at least so far as foreign countries know it, has been Zeromski's ASHES (Knopf), a portrayal of Poland and peasant life in Napoleonic times, and W. S. Reymont's PROMISED LAND (Knopf) and THE PEASANTS (Knopf), the latter a picture of peasant life in four volumes, AUTUMN, WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER, which a few years ago won the Nobel Prize.

A BOOK OF SYNONYMS

Mrs. W. S. B. of Fort Worth, Texas, asks for "the name of the best book you know on synonyms. The book is for use in a family — particularly the college-going part of the family."

I have always had difficulty keeping Roget's THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES (Longmans, Green) on my reference shelf, but since the double-crostic enthusiasts in the office have discovered it, it is likely to be anywhere except where it belongs. I have it in the original form and in the edition prepared by C. O. Sylvester Mawson under the title, THE ROGET DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS (Putnam) and keep one at home and one in the office. It's one of those indispensable books which it is essential to have at hand, like the OXFORD DICTIONARY, THE WORLD ALMANAC, and Bartholomew's HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS OF THE WORLD or Chambers' GAZETEER.

GERMAN MONOLOGUES

W. A. S. of Rochester, N. Y., wrote in some time ago asking for books containing good German dialogue which would supply a young man with material for monologues to be used professionally.

W. A. S.'s request took me off guard, so knowing that no one of my acquaintance could better advise W. A. S. than my old associate of *New York Evening Post* days, Allen Porterfield, now professor of German at West Virginia University. I wrote to him for suggestions. Mr. Porterfield misunderstood my request and sent me a list of conversation books—the bread and butter kind—which I've filed away against the day when a correspondent asks for something of the sort. A second letter to him brought the following reply:

> Largest monologue in world literature is in V. Hugo's ERNANIE. No such thing in German. A. Schnitzler's LEUTNANT GUSTL is wholly a monologue except about five lines at close. G. Brandes pronounced it "most humorous in whole range of German literature." There are some monologues in FAUST, tedious and profound. Apart from long poems by Schiller and other ballad writers, some addresses—dull in reproduction—I simply can't list any that would really serve any reasonable purpose. Sorry. GUSTL is your best chance.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE STRANGE BOARDERS OF PALACE CRESCENT *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Nocturnal eccentricities of mysterious Mrs. Dewar's "guests" baffle new arrival until one is killed and police ask questions.	Here is E.P.O. at his plottiest. Gets a bit ridiculous at times but, whoosh! how it moves.	Zippy
THE TEA TRAY MURDERS *Christopher Bush* (Morrow: $2.)	One pedagogue poisoned, another bashed in cranium. Shakespearean quote reveals all to Ludovic Travers.	Few current yarns boast such a clever criminal. Travers's deduction surpasses earlier exploits and sub-plots are diverting.	Read It
PLAN XVI *Douglas G. Browne* (Crime Club: $2)	Scotland Yard crashes through (one boat late) when super-crime plot calls for death of thousands.	Reader sees developments, and notes improbabilities, but bold conception and brisk narration sweep him on.	Thriller

PERSONALS

VACANCY in select eastern prep for Junior school teacher, male, unmarried, in exchange for room, board, laundry. No salary. Send photo and credentials. Box X.

TWENTY amusing letters about bicycling through England this September for $8.00. Marjory Hammond.

INN-BY-THE-SEA, 20 miles east of Watch Hill, 7 miles west of Narragansett Pier, at Matunuck, Rhode Island. Post office, Wakefield; R.R. destination, Westerly; Telephones, Narra. Pier 265-W and 159-R-2; Electricity; Private Baths; Library, Several Thousand Volumes; Private Beach and Bathhouses; Inlet Pond for Boating; use of Bathhouses, Boats, Books free to guests; No Extras. Room and Board with Private Bath $50 up; without Bath, $40 up. Two in room, special price. Come and enjoy the constant breeze of Rhode Island's Beautiful Inn-by-the-Sea at Matunuck. Wire for reservations today. Inn meets guests without charge at Westerly if full train information, including train's name, number, hour and date of arrival is provided. Theatre-by-the-Sea operated nightly under the direction of Oscar Hammerstein's grandson, Theodore Hammerstein, is located on the Inn-by-the-Sea's 10-acre Tract of Sea Front.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OBSERVING a robin on the Laboratory lawn in June, *Mrs. Alice Boorman Williamson* of Washington, D. C. was moved to write the following which she very kindly sent to me.

THE ROSE AND THE ROBIN

"Paul's Scarlet" flared to ruddy flame,
And by and by a robin came
Who settled down to contemplate
This insult handed him by Fate.
The contrast with his rusty vest
Appeared to make him quite depressed.
Eventually he turned away—
When suddenly I heard him say,
As one who has the final fling:
"Well . . . anyway. . . . Let's hear you sing!"

Eugene O'Neill, through his attorney, has served notice on the world that all sale, purchase, and publication rights to his letters remain his, regardless of to whom they were originally addressed, for what purpose, and present ownership....Among the authors who have recently signed contracts with G. P. Putnam's Sons and Minton, Balch & Company are *Thomas Boyd, Beatrice Curtis Brown, J. D. Beresford, Richard Hull,* and *Magnus Hirschfeld.* The last named is the world's greatest sexologist, now exiled from Germany. His book will be based on the customs of mankind as observed in his travels all over the world, and should prove one of next spring's important books. . . . *Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lewis Allen* have finished the manuscript of their new book, "Metropolis," to be brought out this fall by Harper & Brothers. It is on the order of their former book of photographs with running commentary, and the completed manuscript weighed exactly sixty-four pounds! . . . In his new book, on *Omar Khayyam,* to be published in the autumn by Doubleday, Doran, *Harold Lamb* tells us that the tent-maker never thought of himself as a poet, nor did the Persians of his time so regard him. To his contemporaries he was the famous astrologer who won and lost the favor of a sultan. It was seven hundred years before his fame became international. . . . And, in connection with Omar, *Theodore H. Freter, Jr.* and *Dr. Charles Franklin Cochran* of Chicago have written me that the Persian poet has had at least twenty-three translators. They send me a copy of a letter written by the famous *John Payne* to *Nathan Haskell Dole;* the American ambassador mentioned in the letter being *John Hay,* and the remark referred to occurring in his famous address before the Omar Khayyam Club. The specific reference is to the words, "Omar sang to a half barbarous province. Fitzgerald to the world." John Payne's letter is dated December 18th, 1897, at 10 [illegible] Road, Kilburn, N.W., London, and

[illegible]ear Sir:

[illegible]ave pleasure in complying with your request and enclose two inscriptions, which you can paste into your copies when you get them. I am sorry I do not know your book and look forward to much pleasure in making its acquaintance. As a Persian scholar, you will doubtless have noted that Fitzgerald's equipment in the matter of scholarship was somewhat scant, although he has made a charming (but somewhat extravagantly over-praised) poem of his very loose paraphrase; and you will doubtless have been amused at the American Ambassador's description of Korassan, the center of medieval culture at a time when Europe was in darkness, as "a half barbarous province." One more instance, which would be funny were it not lamentable of the modern rage for talking about what one does not understand.

Your idea about the story seems to me to be an agreeable one, and I see no reason why you should not carry it out. It is only "the uncooked," as the Persians call them, who make claim to finality in anything. One can but do one's best and leave the disposition to the fates. . . .

The Windsor Quarterly has been taken over by Commonwealth College, at Mena, Arkansas. It will continue under the editorship of *Frederick B. Maxham* and *Irene Merrill,* publishing short stories and poetry. Two stories from its first volume are to be reprinted in *Edward J. O'Brien's* "The Best Short Stories of 1934," and one in the forthcoming *O. Henry* Memorial collection. . . . *Francis L. Pruyn* of East 44th Street tells me that "Talking Books," concerning which I recently transmitted certain information,

> are an accomplished fact and that the perfected method of producing them is owned by the Radio Corporation and is being withheld from the public as a matter of policy only. The method was developed by the brilliant inventor, *Byron E. Eldred,* and sold outright to the Radio Corporation over a year ago. By means of a ray of light, sound is transferred to a strip of photographic film and by the reverse process sound is reproduced. I am informed that a comparatively short strip of ordinary movie film is sufficient to reproduce an entire book and that the sound reproduction is almost perfect. . . .

Trade Winds

☞Split second exposure No. 3: Steer your dogs to the South, trip up the cushioned stairs that lead to the mezzanine level, then carom to the right and you're in the library of the Pennsylvania Hotel. A swanky, roomy dive designed in the Old English drawing room fashion with paneled walls of oak, a thick green rug, a mess of chairs—reproductions of the antique variety—plenty of lamps thrown around and few people. This culture den is a five thousand volume chamber with glass encased shelves of books of nature, art, plays, poetry, music, biography, history, travel, religion, economics, science, games, and fiction. The children get a break too. There is a whole shelf of books for the tots. The biggest play an inn library gets is through the reference section. *Burke's Peerage, The Social Register, Who's Who,* as well as the big tomes like the encyclopedia, dictionary, and atlas are dog-eared and plenty thumbed. Current books since the depression, are out. A hotel book joint is a luxury item with the management and when the cuts were ordered around the various departments—the library got the axe and got it heavily. The privilege of lending hotel volumes is reserved strictly for the paying customers. No one else has a chance. You peer through the glass case, call your shot, beckon to the librarian, and you get the book. Few of the ladies and gents do their reading in the Old English room. They toddle to their rooms upstairs where relaxation and comfort can be indulged in more freely. Besides, who wants to read in an antique chair? Travel books are a popular item with the mob. The lucky babies that are bound for other shores grab themselves an armful of these fascinating volumes and make a last minute stab for information of the countries they are to visit. The kiddies are headaches to the librarian. They scram first to this parlor after their elders have checked in and spend most of their stay getting an education. Well, they can't drink highballs. Another section of scrambled books is the foreign assortment of German, French, and Spanish books. The emigrant delegation do plenty of reading and if perchance one of these guests comes from the Ubangi territory or Bulgaria—they have to grab one of the French items and be happy. Most of the foreign crowd can read that language. The fiction hounds must content themselves with some of the older authors since the current stock is strictly on the outs. Dickens, Scott, Kipling, Wells, Stevenson, and Jane Austen are the popular choices. The babies that like a laugh now and then take Twain, Lardner, and O. Henry. There are plenty of squawks from the paying element on the lack of the newer books, but an even half-dozen bookshops in and around the hotel can remedy that fault. The convention boys and girls steer clear of this service. What with meetings, business sessions, and the cocktail parties they haven't any time for reading. The boys that sell go for an occasional crime yarn; the newlyweds aren't so bookish, and the studious flock go for actual book purchases. Again, since the depression the library hours have been curtailed. Back in the Coolidge era the hours were from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.; now the hours are from 12:30 to 2:30 P. M. and from 4 to 8 P. M. The savings are in salary, electric juice, and general maintenance. Only one set of figures is available as to the number of books loaned to guests during a period of one year. The figure is 5,000 books for the year 1930. Miss Florence Bawdin is the keeper. The Pennsy library was for many years the largest hotel library in the world. The Stevens in Chicago now has that ranking.

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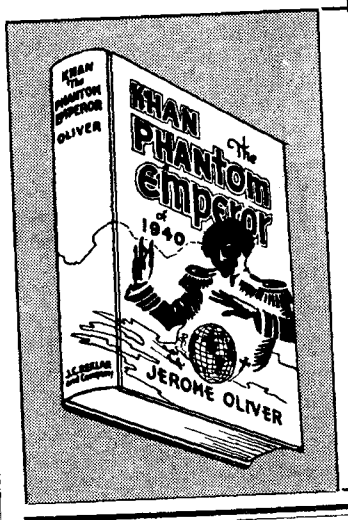
by Mary Kidder Rak



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